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DIGEST

Letters

"Seven Cities Fought . . ."

To the Editor:

We certainly don't forget Mondrian (ART DIGEST, February 15) around here. In the Gallatin Collection, we have four; this collection reinstalled in handsome new galleries will be open in April, with a new edition of its catalogue, fully illustrated, with the Mondrians in color. In the Louise and Walter Arensberg Collection, we have two more, one very early, 1919. This collection will be opened to the public in twenty-two new galleries October 16. There will be a fine catalogue of it, the first, in two volumes, with over four hundred illustrations.

Incidentally, from your obituary of Walter Arensberg, one gathers the impression, perhaps unintentional, that there was difficulty in finding a home for this wonderful collection. On the contrary, everyone wanted it, even U. C. L. A., after they had had and lost it. "Seven cities fought for Homer dead, through which the living

Homer begged his bread." Before the death of the Arensbergs, these cities included Washington, New York, Cambridge, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Mexico City and Paris. And there were many more.

Fiske Kimball
Director, Philadelphia
Museum of Art

Artists' Protection

To the Editor:

I was very interested in your editorial on artists' reproduction rights (Feb. 1), particularly regarding the broad subject of the artist's right to a share of any income which may be earned by one of his paintings after he has sold it. This subject is of special interest to the artist whose reputation is not yet established. He often has to take a net of \$50, more or less, for his work, just to get it in circulation, while in quality it may compare favorably to paintings which sell for \$200 or more on the basis of a better known signature. Later this same artist may see his own work resold at six times its original price,

a transaction from which the artist gains nothing.

Elihu Edelson
Sarasota, Fla.

Tradition of Beauty

To the Editor:

"Europeans," asserts one of your reviewers in your February 15th issue, "are perhaps more at ease with paint, never producing a 'tasteless work of art' . . . while Americans, inheriting no tradition of beauty, strive harder for effects and paint with uneasy recklessness. . . ."

I suggest that this statement is harmful nonsense. It is time for us of the U. S. A. to get over an inferiority complex about the art of our country. Who ever painted greater seascapes than Winslow Homer? Is your reviewer ignorant of the great American portraits during Revolutionary times? Has he ever heard of Ryder? Of Hudson River School; of Moran, Inness, Twachtman, Bellows, Marin, to say nothing of the many vital Americans today.

Langdon Sully
Columbia University, N. Y.

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Who's News

Robert Motherwell will head the faculty at the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center summer session, according to James B. Byrnes, newly appointed director of the Center.

Recent winners of John Myers Foundation scholarships for a full year's study in painting at the New School for Social Research are Micheline Beaumont, Adrienne Caponigri, Evelyn Franklin, Joseph O'Brien, Golda O'Such, Robert Raphael, Fred Segal and Michael Stang.

Florence Rand, artist and poet, has been elected to an honorary membership in the International Mark Twain Society.

Through what is said to be the largest single gift in its history, the Butler Art Institute became the recipient of 14 Tschachbasov paintings, valued at \$30,000. The collection, donated by Samuel S. Cohn, will be installed in a room designated especially for the artist's work.

Reginald Marsh has been selected as the first artist to receive the gold medal award for graphic arts of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. The Institute gold medal is presented annually for achievement in two different branches of the arts. Marsh is the 49th winner of the award, which was first given in 1906.

Prof. Norman L. Rice has been appointed dean of the Fine Arts College, Carnegie Institute of Technology, effective in July. A simultaneous announcement revealed a grant of \$26,000 "to finance a study and appraisal of the college." As dean, Prof. Rice will administer the college's program; as chairman of the committee of consultants he will direct its evaluation in terms of effectiveness.

Ralph M. Pearson, artist, adventurer, writer, lecturer and former columnist for ART DIGEST will conduct a special three-week course in contemporary art this summer at Kansas State College. The workshop will run from June 21-July 10.

Top award winners at the 73rd Annual Painting and Sculpture Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association were: Richards Ruben and Henri A. Marie-Rose, \$300 each; John Saccaro, \$250; Erle Loran, Lundy Siegfriest, Walter Kuhlman, Jerrel S. Cooper, Lawrence Compton, Miriam Hoffman, William Byron McClintock, Gurdon Woods and Mary Navratil, winners of \$100 awards each. The \$100 Artists' Council Prize went to Erle Loran, chairman of the department of art at the University of California.

John Klينкенberg, winner of many art awards, will teach four courses in drawing, composition, painting and water color at the University of Miami's six weeks' Oaxaca Latin American Workshop in Mexico, starting June 12.

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The Spectrum

To A D Readers

This issue has a new look. During recent months Art Digest has been introducing new features and experimenting with make-up. We believe it is time to change and modernize.

ART DIGEST aims to extend news coverage and reviews throughout the country as well as abroad. To this end we have been contacting writers in major cities throughout the world. It is too large an order for our staff unaided to fill. We, therefore, suggest that museums, dealers and other readers send us exhibit information, news and interesting art anecdotes to supplement material that our regular correspondents obtain.—J.M.

Cabbage is King

Skunk cabbage is usually regarded as an odorous, ugly plant which grows in swampy land. To us, however, it has more significance—is a harbinger of spring. Each year the cycle of nature seems to begin with the sprouting of the so-called lowly skunk cabbage.

When examined closely, the young plant is seen as a beautiful, complex phenomenon. Its early coloring ranges from spring green to reddish brown, and at times it resembles well-tanned saddle leather. Shapes appear to be an abstraction of all growing plants. Karl Blossfeldt in his book "Urformen der Kunst" (Art Forms in Nature) shows the relationship between nature and abstract art. His claim is that all modern abstraction is a reflection of nature's abstraction. We discovered Blossfeldt's insight on our annual trip to see the skunk cabbage.

More on Copyright

While doing research for our recent editorial on copyright, our researcher, Mr. Cobalt, ran across an interesting item in Hervey Allen's biography of Edgar Allen Poe. It seems that in the days of Poe English scouts were employed by American publishers to obtain advance first editions. These were rushed to this country by the fastest sailing ships. Publishers raced each other in order to pirate the latest English books before their competitors could. Writers such as Dickens and Scott received nothing from American publication, and the home market was depressed for our own authors.

Copyright laws have been improved and this situation no longer exists, however, the U. S. has not yet accepted the Universal Copyright Convention, and painters and sculptors still lack adequate protection. We are ahead of the world industrially and scientifically, but we are behind in protecting our creative artists.

Youths Mutilate Old Masters

Seized in the act of mutilating Italian Renaissance artist Cosimo di Pratese's *The Madonna and Child* and a Thomas Sully painting, *Comet*, two nine-year-old boys admitted to the earlier damaging of *St. Francis* by El Greco in the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Art Gallery, explained they had been motivated by a critical impulse. The El Greco and di Pratese works, they felt, were sacrilegious; the Sully painting indecent. Gallery Director Richard T. Yonkers, who discovered the culprits, promptly forgave them, sanctioned their release in custody of their parents.

Fine Art Olympics

Carleton Smith, head of the National Arts Foundation, while in Greece recently found records showing that ancient Greek Olympiads competed in painting, music, dancing and poetry. He has proposed to the new Olympics Committee that these competitions be revived.

Reprieve?

What may be the beginning of a reprieve for the Mark Twain House, one of the last remaining historic landmarks in Greenwich Village, slated to be razed for a modern apartment building early this month is suggested by the offer of British film producer Ronald Neame to put up \$10,000 to help move the house to a new location. Sites for moving the building are available, but the entire operation is estimated to cost about \$40,000.

Vanity Fair

In a recent talk at his museum, Dr. Ferdinand Eckhardt, director of the Winnipeg Art Gallery probably became the man of the month for gripping his audience. His message: the museum's entire collection of "old masters", once insured for \$250,000, consisted of fakes. Categorizing mercilessly, Dr. Eckhardt attributed its Titian to a contemporary, its Rubens to a follower of Van Dyck, consigned its Correggio, Joshua Reynolds and Pieter Bruegel the Younger to the limbo of imitations. The collection had been the gift of wealthy Winnipegian James Cleghorn, who died in 1936. Dr. Eckhardt, formerly of Vienna, took over the directorship at Winnipeg last year.

Modern Impressionism

Our friend Miss Vermilion tells of the six-year-old boy who was asked to draw a picture of a Bible story. He drew a long sleek car with three people. The teacher asked which story it was, and the boy replied "That's God driving Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden."

Met Melodrama

The Metropolitan's newly opened galleries yielded an unexpected art form last week—old-fashioned melodrama. Sought for ten years in the alleged killing of his wife, "Artist" Joseph Schiro, 61, was spotted by the dead woman's brother—who had spent all his spare time for the last ten years in Manhattan art galleries and museums, hoping for just this eventuality. Arrested while contemplating Velasquez' "Christ and the Pilgrims", Schiro, while being questioned by the police, doodled a pencil sketch of a sombre, bearded face.

"Who's that?" a detective asked.
"The Lord Jesus," said Schiro.

Hospital Art

The United Hospital Fund of New York has organized an art for hospitals committee to obtain original paintings and fine color reproductions for hospitals.



Albrecht Durer: "Praying Hands"

Prints Distributed with Records

In line with its new policy of combining great art with great music "when it can be achieved," RCA Victor has brought out Beethoven's "Missa Solennis" (Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra), which the composer always regarded as his "confession of faith" together with a print, suitable for framing, of Albrecht Dürer's great etching, "Praying Hands"

Scheduled for release in April is Dvorák's symphony "From the New World," together with a full color print reproduction of Charles Burchfield's painting, "November Evening," the original of which hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.



The Unicorn Tries to Escape (portion). From The Hunt of the Unicorn set of tapestries (Franco-Flemish), about 1500. The Cloisters of The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. In the Middle Ages, before the days of efficient heating and tight-fitting doors, tapestries played an important part in the comfort of indoor life. Now that they have lost their utilitarian function, we are able to see that many of them are works of art.



JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE (French). *Joan of Arc in the Garden.* Oil, 1879. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Fifty years ago this starchless sentimentality was reputed to be one of the finest paintings of its time. In 1910, the Encyclopedia Britannica gave this painter forty-three times as much space as it gave to his contemporary, Paul Cézanne.

What Makes A Masterpiece?

by William M. Ivins, Jr.

A distinguished scholar decides that "masterpieceity" may sometimes be the result of public ignorance and fear

The word "masterpiece" not only has completely changed its cleancut original meaning—the specimen of his skill submitted by a candidate for election to a craft guild—but somehow has become all fuzzy with illogical notions about "the best" and about absolute, eternal, and universal beauty and significance. This is too bad, because who is knowing enough and eternal enough to judge things of that kind? It is sad that so many artists consciously try to create masterpieces, for "masterpiece" is only a label that the world pins on works of art, in its own way, in its own time, and for its own reasons, after which it almost invariably changes its mind and removes the label. If the history of taste demonstrates anything it is this.

Let us consider some instances in point. The famous Unicorn tapestries that are among the glories of the Cloisters of The Metropolitan Museum of Art, provide a

peculiarly flagrant example of some of the problems presented by the idea of the masterpiece. It may seem incredible to us that such things as these should ever have been regarded as unimportant or devoid of beauty; yet at one time, and a time that is thought of as one of great taste and delicate discrimination, they were so little valued that they were discarded and used as old rags with which to cover the hotbeds in gardens (hotbeds at that time were kept hot by the rotting of fresh manure), where they fell apart and lost their edges as they, too, rotted in the damp heat. In the Renaissance and modern times, many fine statues have been dug up in bits and pieces from fills and foundations into which they had been thrown as rubble without value.

About sixty years ago the Metropolitan Museum acquired a painting by Edouard Manet, *The Woman with a Parrot*. If I remember correctly, it was one of the first of Manet's pictures to enter a museum anywhere. This acquisition caused a great rumpus, and the people who at that time "knew about art"—critics, artists, and collectors—said many very harsh things about the Museum and the folly of its staff and trustees. But today all those people are dead, the incident has been forgotten, and the picture is among the great masterpieces of French art. Bastien-Lepage's large painting of Joan of Arc, which was acquired with the plaudits of the cognoscenti, has not had similar good luck.

In the middle of the last century the names Bruegel the Elder, El Greco, and Goya, were on few lists of the very important artists. Goya, to confine ourselves to one of them, was regarded by many of the famous and authoritative critics and collectors as being beyond question a very bad artist—so bad that his paintings and prints were cited as proof positive of the utter decadence into

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EDOUARD MANET (French). *Woman with a Parrot*. Oil 1867. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Manet's teacher, Couture, told him in contemptuous anger that if he kept on painting as he did, he would be "nothing but the Daumier of his time."



FRANCISCO GOYA (Spanish). *One Cannot Bear to Look*. Etching, from *The Disasters of War*, 1810. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Today Goya and Daumier are regarded by many very intelligent art experts as the greatest print makers of the nineteenth century. Fifty years ago, any such statement would have been thought foolish, and this little print could be bought for a few cents.

which art had fallen in Spain in the early years of the century. A story, familiar in the London trade, tells how Ruskin, finding a set of Goya's etched *Caprices* on a London dealer's counter, threw it into the burning grate and stamped out of the shop in a towering rage of talk. He did not pay for it, either.

As late as the summer of 1902, a man I knew brought home with him from Europe a set of the first edition of the eighty prints by Goya known as *The Disasters of War*. He had bought them at their full market value from one of the best and wisest dealers in Paris for fifteen cents apiece. For several years that man tried in vain to find some of Goya's other prints in the New York shops. In one of the best known of them all, the crusty proprietor told him that he would not lower himself to having such things on his shelves, and that Goya was "a baad etcherrr." But the sky was the limit for what that refined dealer then and later got for prints by Anders Zorn. The same dealer had none of Daumier's lithographs, because Daumier was only a caricaturist and not an artist.

Having thus taken a short look at how time affects art and makes it bad and good, let us now consider the idea of the Masterpiece. For a number of centuries when reproductive engravings were the only visual reports that people had about art, and when there were no cheap books containing halftone reproductions of all or a large part of an artist's work, people took masterpieces with great seriousness. As they had no way of knowing an artist's work as a whole, they rarely or never thought of it, but did think a lot about his masterpieces, that is to say the pictures by him that had been well engraved. Today in artistic circles we hear little talk about masterpieces but a great deal about painters and their works.

Masterpieces, however, continue to be very important. There are two basic kinds. One kind can be called public masterpieces, the other can be called private masterpieces.

A man's private masterpieces are those works of art that speak to him as a thinking, feeling, unique, human being, with nerves and experiences, and emotions and values, that are unlike those of any other person. They speak to him of things which, so far as he can ever discover, they say to no one else, and which he can neither repeat nor explain. In essence the things they say to him are the most secret things he has.

Public masterpieces, on the contrary, are selected by no one in particular for no one in particular. The selection is done by some kind of hypothetical ballot or vote. No one is responsible for them and they represent no one's taste. In other words, they are a sort of statistical average. To demand that a man like a public masterpiece is as reasonable as it would be to demand that he wear shoes that were made to the average size of the feet of the community.

The greatest public masterpieces may be said to be those works of art the names of which are known to the largest number of people who have never seen them. That this is so is indicated by some of the most famous masters and masterpieces. There is little doubt that Pheidias is one of the most famous sculptors. But, so far as is known, not a single specimen of his work survives, and no one has seen one for several thousand years. And then there is Michelangelo's picture of the Bathing Soldiers, which he never painted, and his drawing for which vanished centuries ago without ever being adequately reproduced. Masterpieces of these kinds are probably the only ones that can never lose their masterpiece-



HONORE DAUMIER (French). *Well, do you really think . . .* Lithograph, from the magazine *Charivari*, January 19, 1865. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Because he was a "cartoonist" and his lithographic drawings were printed in the newspapers, Daumier during his lifetime was taken seriously only by a few artistic friends. Thirty years ago, this print could be bought for less than twenty-five cents.



ANDERS ZORN (Swedish). *The Waltz*. Etching, 1891. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. A strong touch of vulgarity, within the bounds of propriety, has always helped to give pictures the temporary status of "public" masterpieces. Thirty years ago, the price of this etching would have bought hundreds of prints by Daumier.



MARCANTONIO RAIMONDI (Italian). *The Climbers*. Engraving, 1510, after Michelangelo's *Battle of Cascina*. Changes in idiom are sometimes very revealing. While photographs are always "of" works of art, the old engravings were always "after" works of art—so far after that no one could tell that they belonged together. They had the same "subject" and that was all.

ity. They can never be bores.

One of the most curious aspects of the problem before us is that many a person who has no hesitancy in expressing an honest opinion about a diamond ring or a race horse, about neither of which he knows a thing, is afraid to express any opinion about a work of art and to be told what he should think and feel about it. Actually there is no reason that anyone should either think or feel about any work of art, and there are very good reasons that he should not go through the silly business of expressing opinions that are not his own.

Many travelers are timid people of that sort, and always have been. As celebrated a one as any was a certain Pausanias, who in the second century of our era traveled about Greece seeing and collecting notes about what he was told were the most important works of art of past times. The lasting reputation of many a vanished work of art is based merely on the mention that he made of it. Without his book what we think of as history of Greek sculpture would be curiously different from what we are told it is.

If it were not for this desire to be told, rather than to see and think for oneself, there would be few guides and almost no guidebooks. There can be no question that the masterpieciness of works of art is determined by reputation, that is to say by talk and, especially, by the books that people read. Some stay-at-homes read books about art, look at their illustrations, and believe what the authors tell them. Almost all travelers form their opinions about the things they see by the prominence given to them in the guidebooks and the number of stars by which their names are accompanied. It may almost be said that public masterpieces are works of art that people see through their ears.

As very few persons have the courage and the honesty to say out loud that a famous five-star masterpiece bores them, the reputation of the great public masterpieces is maintained not by their actual qualities or by the knowledge and sensitive reactions of the people who see them and talk about them, but by a queer combination of public ignorance and fear.

In actual fact, the problem of artistic quality is much like that of the quality and intensity of pain. Even while suffering pain no one is able to describe it accurately and clearly or to communicate any acquaintance with its quality or intensity. No one has ever discovered how to make a dependable measurement or description of the quality or intensity of pain. It is probable that there are few problems which have longer and more acutely bothered mankind. When a pain recurs, the man who has had it before can sometimes recognize it again, but it usually takes him some time to do so. Lacking such a recurrence, no one has ever been able to remember, to bring back, let alone to communicate, more than what may be called the label and the location of the pain. If more than that could be done, the human race would have died of a surfeit of pain almost as soon as it had begun to exist.

Which is and which is not a great public masterpiece is not determined by men who are intimately acquainted with all the works of art that have to be taken into consideration in making the final choice. One reason for this is that there are no such supermen, and one reason of that kind is enough. The determination is usually made by men who have seen relatively few things, but who have compared a lot of reports (or counted a lot of ballots) about works of art. This is unfortunate, because any grading or rating of works of art as bad, indifferent, good, or masterpieces, by the comparison of reports or the



UNKNOWN HELLENISTIC SCULPTOR. *Laocoön and His Sons*. Marble, about 40 B.C. Vatican Museum, Rome. Dug up during the Renaissance, in 1506, this group immediately became one of the most famous of all the "public" masterpieces. It probably did as much to confuse thought about art as any object that can be mentioned. Its great technical skill only emphasizes its vacuity.



PIETER BRUEGEL THE ELDER (Flemish). *The Harvesters*. Oil on wood, 1565. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. In 1910 the Encyclopedia Britannica, which very fairly represented the taste of that time, said that the subjects of Bruegel's pictures "are chiefly humorous figures," and dismissed him in eleven lines.



EL GRECO (Spanish). *View of Toledo*. Oil, about 1600. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. When this picture was last sold, it brought less than people paid for portraits by fashionable second-rate painters of that time. Many of those who "knew about art" thought that the money paid for it had been thrown away.

counting of votes necessarily misses the whole issue. Works of art are only good or bad as they affect particular people in particular ways, and not for the way they affect nobody in particular.

There are only two ways of reporting about works of art—by words and by pictures. Words can tell us "what is going on" in a picture. They can tell us judgments of goodness, badness, and "correctness." But they can tell us nothing about the actual sensuous facts of the picture. Thus pain and the ecstasies of perception are curiously alike in the difficulties they present to the man who would report about them. Both are ineffable and yet both are very "real".

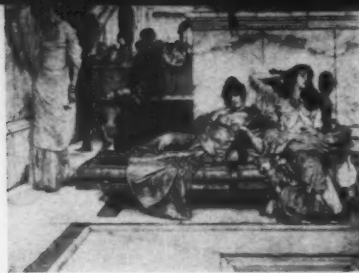
In the days before photography and photographic processes of making reproductions, the pictorial reports about works of art were absolutely unable to convey any information about the surfaces of works of art. Yet it is obvious that the surface of the work of art is the work of art, as far as our eyes are concerned. However, when one of the old reproductive engravings was made, the engraver looked at the original work of art as though it were the rather defective ground glass of a camera with a rather defective lens, and then reported, in his own way and with his own tools and materials and techniques, not what he actually saw on the ground glass, but what he thought the camera was pointed at. The result of this was that he made no report of the surface of the original work of art or of how the original artist had used either his materials or his tools. The "little bit more" and the "how much it means" that lie in the artist's use of his materials and tools thus completely escaped from the engraving, and with them the essential, personal things in the original work of art.

Some of the old reproductive engravings were, and

still are, very interesting in their own rights, but as reports of the art in works of art they were all extremely misleading. The people who had to depend on them for their acquaintance with works of art were unable to distinguish between what the original artist had done and what the engraver had done. Having only the engravings to go by, the world thought that what it considered the best engraving was also the best reproduction of the best original.

Even today we all do this when we read translations from languages that are unknown to us. The best-known translations into English are the best-known ones because as a general rule they are in the best English, and not at all because they are the most accurate trots. Just consider the differences between the "Authorized" and the "Revised" Versions of the English Bible.

The effect which these incapacities of words and engraved reproductions had on thought about works of art and their merits is clearly to be seen in the art criticism and appreciation of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. During Louis XIV's reign, the French academicians made various schoolmasterly attempts to grade the great pictures on what they considered a reasonable basis. Thus Roger de Piles devised a famous system of credits—so many each for composition, for drawing, for color, and for expression. The sum of each painter's points determined his rating, much as though he had taken a civil service examination. Raphael and Rubens tied with 65 points apiece, Titian had 51 points, and Rembrandt had 50. Raphael received 18 points both in drawing and in expression, where Rembrandt got only 6 in drawing and 12 in expression. In spite of all that has happened during the last century and a half, the tradition of that kind of thinking and



SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA (British). *At the Shrine of Venus*. Oil, 1888. If judged by sales and popular acclaim, Alma-Tadema was one of the greatest artists of his time. He was a member of the Royal Academies of London, Munich, Berlin, Madrid, and Vienna; he was knighted in England, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Prussia, and Bavaria; he was an officer of the French Legion of Honor; and he was given the English Order of Merit.



MAX KLINGER (German). *Beethoven*. Colored marble and bronze, 1886-1902. Museum, Leipzig. In Germany fifty years ago, this was probably the most discussed and acclaimed piece of modern sculpture, a great "public" masterpiece. Art historians, archaeologists, and museum officials joined in the chorus of praise.



HENRI MATISSE (French). *Flower Still Life*. Ink, 1944. Private collection. Photo courtesy Pierre Matisse Gallery, New York. This modest, simple drawing is to be compared with the "masterpieces" by Bastien-Lepage, Zorn, Alma-Tadema, and Klinger reproduced on the preceding pages.

valuation is still strong in the world and is backed by the authority of "the Greeks of the Great Period" as expounded by the classical archaeologists. The "Greek ideal of beauty" is still held up to us as a norm by many cultured people who have not learned how to use their eyes. In its way that ideal is as great a deterrent to thought as the logic of Aristotle is in another way.

The effect of all these things on both artists and public was very marked. It had a particular effect on the choice of subject matter and its treatment. For many people subject matter had to be both elevated and important. Statues of statesmen, that is to say, of live politicians, showed them in Roman togas. Many pictures were painted of great events, the battle of this and the signing of that. There was a great output of pictures of classical subjects. And most of them were mere learned compilations that for us today are duller than dishwater. With few exceptions, the pictures of that time which we still like were then considered to belong to the inferior class known as "genre."

And this directly raises the question of "subject matter" in art. The man who thinks that no work of art is important unless it deals with ostensibly important subject matter, also thinks that many, even of the greatest, works of art deal with trivial subjects and therefore are themselves trivial. The triviality of the sweet peas that led Gregor Mendel to thinking about the laws of heredity did not mean that what he saw in sweet peas was trivial. A modest, little, sharp-sighted drawing of a leaf and tendril [see Matisse's *Flower Still Life*] may show more subtlety, more power, and more passion, than is shown in a picture, no matter how learned, or elaborate, or bombastic, of the Battle of Arbela at which the fate of the

world was decided.

It is unfortunate that so many of the great public masterpieces of the world were elected in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries when these matters were not yet understood. Many of them may be said to be pictures of Gregor Mendel looking at a sweet pea, than which no subject could be visually more trivial, instead of pictures of the sweet peas that he looked at and showed to be very important.

I here approach something that, as I am neither a poet nor an artist, lies beyond my power of expression, but in which I nevertheless believe. I believe that the thing which makes the private masterpiece is passion. I further believe that it is impossible to make a passionate statement about nothing. It seems to me that passion to be passion must be about somebody or something; that that somebody or something has to be concrete and particular; and that that somebody or something is an essential part of the passion. If that somebody or something is not discernible to the onlooker, the passion cannot exist for him, and in its place he gets merely a tantrum that is "thrown" or an act that is "pulled," an empty gesture learned in a dancing or elocution school that can be repeated at will and without cause.

We all know the irony of the phrase "Now, repeat it with gestures."

William M. Ivins, Jr. served successively as Curator of Prints, Assistant Director, Acting Director and Counselor at the Metropolitan Museum of Modern Art until his retirement in 1946. He now lives in Woodbury, Connecticut, where he continues an active career as a writer. His latest book, "Prints and Visual Communication," was issued by Harvard University Press in 1953.

ART DIGEST presents a new feature series
on historic monuments of the American past.

New York Revisited: Church of the Ascension

by Robert Rosenblum

Of all the great cities of Europe and America, surely none has so little sense of an historical past as New York. All Philadelphians at least know of their Independence Hall; Bostonians dote on the State House; but New Yorkers neither know nor care about their monuments of the artistic past which are anyway concealed among Gargantuan skyscrapers and apartment houses. Perhaps it is just because these scattered remnants of earlier centuries seem so utterly incongruous in the context of this most dynamic and frenziedly forward-looking of cities that almost no one pays any attention to them.

Take the Church of the Ascension, on Fifth Avenue at 10th Street. Even in this relatively genteel and tradition-filled neighborhood, where there are still dim recollections of Henry James and Mark Twain, the church is dwarfed to pitiful insignificance by the adjacent buildings. Indeed, it becomes harder and harder to realize that only 100 years ago its simple tower rose high and almost unchallenged above the urban scene. And if the building itself is today passed by unobserved, still fewer people bother or even know about the achievements of their 19th-century forefathers within the church.

But let us start outside. The Church of the Ascension would be worth looking at if only because it was designed by one of the major American architects of the last century, Richard Upjohn, who was also responsible for the better-known Trinity Church. The Gothic style may seem a trifle anachronistic for Fifth Avenue, but this building of 1841 is a far more original architectural achievement than, say, the elaborately imitative Gothicizing of St. John the Divine.

It is, in fact, a design of no little relevance to modern architectural taste. For all its pinnacles and crenellations, what impresses the modern eye is the clean-edged severity of its form—the stark geometry of the tower in its isolation from the body of the church, the bareness of the wall surfaces punctuated only by the

regular beat of Gothic windows, the tidy side elevation with its precise distinction between aisle and clerestory, the extreme clarity of the massing. These are values of abstract formal organization which are, after all, not so remote from what we enjoy in Gropius or Le Corbusier. And, in addition, we can admire the intimate scale of the building, which makes us feel like people instead of Lilliputians. The contrast in scale between this church of the 1840s and the neighboring apartment buildings is an unpleasant lesson in the increasing loss of balance between human living and architectural proportions.

Inside the church, the simply-defined volumes of nave and side aisles, the geometric regularity of horizontal and vertical accents continue the lucidity and discipline of Upjohn's exterior design, qualities which still savor of the early 19th century. Yet turning to the stained-glass or the chancel, we approach another artistic generation, one which reached fruition in the very late years of the century, corresponding to the era of the great post-Civil War fortunes.

The glass, for example, speaks of the later 19th century's efforts to revive (under the stimulus of a sanctified vision of the Middle Ages) the arts of the medieval craftsman, an attempt—witness Rouault or Léger—which continues in our own time. But instead of the more brilliantly-colored and incisive patterns of such modern glassmakers, the panes and leadings of this church suggest the purplish aura of incense and mist of the earlier pre-Raphaelites, as in the painter, J. Alden Weir's window of a scene on *The Flight to Egypt*, with its pale colors and fragile forms; or in John La Farge's more vibrant, but equally hazy, *Good Shepherd*.

It is La Farge, of course, who dominates the interior, but with his enormous mural, *The Ascension*, rather than with his glass. The chancel of 1888 is, in fact, a revealing document of late 19th century attitudes. For besides La Farge, a prom-

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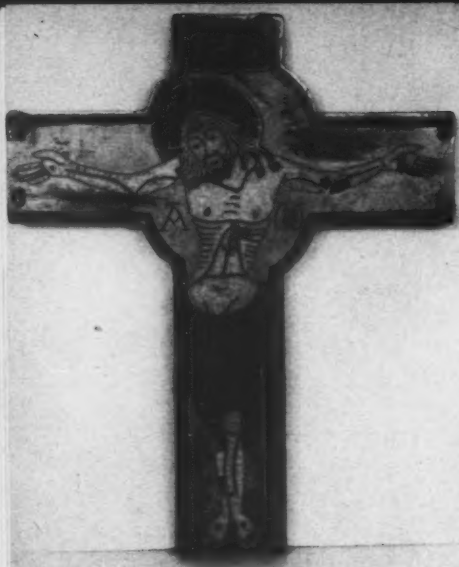
Richard Upjohn's Church of the Ascension, Fifth Avenue's oldest church, as it appeared in 1859



John La Farge: "The Ascension," described by Royal Cortissoz as "the greatest mural painting produced in our time"



John La Farge: "The Good Shepherd"



(right) Gauguin: *Esprit Moderne et Le Catholicisme* manuscript, City Art Museum of St. Louis

(left) Crucifix, 13th century Limoges enamel Museum of Fine Arts of Houston

Gauguin and His Century

*A Houston Museum Show Reveals
How East Meets West in Gauguin's Style*

by Henri Dorra

The boldness of Gauguin's artistic-vision, the colorfulness of his personality, his dramatic escape from the civilized West, all tend to make us forget how much he was a child of his century. The exhibition at the Houston Museum of Fine Arts in Texas, "Paul Gauguin: His place in the Meeting of East and West" (from March 27 to April 25), juxtaposes works by Gauguin and by his contemporaries with examples of Eastern art, and gives us an opportunity to reflect on his indebtedness to 19th century European culture, as well as to cultures of the East. Gauguin once told Van Gogh that the creative artist is merely "a link in a chain". Indeed, all his life he made conscious efforts to follow up the major cultural trends of his time; he was original in that he perceived them with greater shrewdness and utilized them more boldly than most of his contemporaries.

His departure to the tropics "to escape the corrupting influence of the civilized West" is itself the fulfillment of the dream of a good many artists and writers of the romantic age. Baudelaire had sought to escape the pressures of modern life in "paradis artificiels". Leconte de Lisle had quelled his own romantic longings in the pursuit of splendid and barbarous myths; and Rimbaud, before Gauguin, had followed his escapist impulses to the extent of partaking in the life of a primitive tribe in Africa. The dream, in fact, goes back to the 18th century concept of the noble savage, and in particular to Jean Jacques Rousseau's doctrine of primeval bliss. Gauguin's atavism—his mother was partly Peruvian and he had Inca blood—was but an additional incentive to implement one of the basic aspirations of the romantic age.

Needless to say, Gauguin was not entirely satisfied

with the Tahitian setting. He found his surroundings congenial, but the company of the natives was far from being intellectually stimulating. His new environment, moreover, could not quench his thirst for the unknown more than temporarily. He returned to France for two years, but his unfortunate experiences there made him decide to go back to Oceania and seek even greater isolation. From that time on, he retired to ever more savage and lonely regions, first in Tahiti, then in the remote island of Hiva-Hoa where he died. It was inevitable that Gauguin would eventually want to escape beyond his self-imposed savagery. His artistic career ended with a supreme paradox: in his last weeks in Hiva-Hoa he painted Brittany snowscapes.

Gauguin's successive styles were deducted from contemporary trends in art with remarkable intuitive logic. At first he followed closely the somewhat heavy and somber style of the realistic school of the third quarter of the century. The *View of the Seine at the Pont d'Iéna* is an excellent example of this period. We get an idea of his impressionist style which comes next from the attractive *Paris Landscape*, a conscientious and sensitive adaptation of the manner of Pissarro. The subsequent "synthetist" style is not as distinct from contemporary movements as it might seem at first. The trend towards simplification was initiated by Degas, and implemented systematically by Seurat and the neo-impressionists. Gauguin went one step further by drawing inspiration from the flattened perspective, the uniform color areas and bold outlines of medieval and Japanese art.

But Gauguin went further than his fellow artists. In his quest for the exotic and the primitive he explored a variety of Eastern traditions. He was, in fact, a regular visitor of the newly-created Museum of Ethnography and the Musée Guimet in Paris, and made a thorough and perceptive study of objects from such diverse lands as Java and Negro Africa.

It was while he was in Paris that Gauguin evolved what was to become his "Tahitian" style. It is drawn from a variety of traditions: the attitudes are frequently borrowed from Indian and Indonesian art; the firm, hieratic profiles from that of Egypt. It is not unduly surprising therefore that he should have advised his friend Monfreid always to have before him "the Persians, the Cambodians, and a little of the Egyptian." When in Tahiti, he had photographs of Javanese and



(left) Egyptian Relief
Collection Mathias Komor, New York

(right) Gauguin: "Portrait of a
Woman," Art Institute of Chicago

Egyptian monuments from which he drew inspiration for several of his later works.

There can be no question that Gauguin understood better and utilized primitive and exotic elements more boldly than any of his contemporaries, but it must be borne in mind that his Tahitian style is largely derived from his experiences in Parisian museums and in a way is a by-product of the collecting enthusiasm of his time. Thus, his primitivism may be considered to be one of the major influences of the encyclopedic museum—a creation of the 19th century—on modern art.

In 1891, Albert Aurier, one of the more brilliant critics of his time, hailed Gauguin as the leader of "pictorial symbolism." The symbolist movement had already produced great poets, and there had already been artists such as Odilon Redon, Gustave Moreau, perhaps also Charles Meryon, who had adapted their principles to art. Gauguin, however, did so more forcefully and boldly than the others and deserves to be considered the head of the school. His theory differentiates between the literal subject of a work of art and what he calls its "musical harmony." The first is unimportant and may be treated, as he often does, in a half-humorous manner. The second is all important: it is the emotional message which the artist conveys by means of color and line. In *Paroles du Diable*, for instance, the artist places a sinful Tahitian girl and her frightened conscience side by side. The juxtaposition is naively charming but it is clear that the subject matter little more than hints at the real significance of the rich and powerful composition.

In the magnificent painting *L'Appel* lent by the Cleveland Museum of Art (see cover) the title has but the most tenuous connection with the painting: one of the figures has a raised arm as if it were answering—or perhaps proffering—the Call. The subject matter appears to be even more fortuitous when we realize that the figure is derived from a photograph of the frieze of the Parthenon in the artist's possession in Hiva-Hoa.

The real meaning is conveyed by the senses, and escapes logical definition. Gauguin himself writes of his compositions: "Think of the musical role color will play in modern painting. Color, which is vibration just as music is, is able to attain what is most universal, yet at the same time most elusive in nature: its inner force . . . my dream is intangible, it comprises no allegory; as

Mallarmé said, 'It is a musical poem, it needs no libretto.' Consequently the essence of a work, unsubstantial and out of reach, consists precisely of that which is not expressed; it flows by implication from the lines . . . it is not a material structure."

The theory of pictorial symbolism, like that of literary symbolism, goes back to the romantic era. Many years before Gauguin was acclaimed the leader of the new school, Delacroix had written: "Facts are nothing, since they vanish. Nothing remains but the *idea*" which "represents the facts in its own way", that is "by giving them its own emotional color." It is Delacroix who, for the first time, made conscious use of the theory of "musical harmonies", and he stressed its importance in his writing. Gauguin admired him greatly and had read his works, and it is clear that he tried to follow his steps deliberately.

The impact of Gauguin's art on younger men was considerable. During practically every phase of his development he had followers who elaborated on his styles. Some of the future "Nabis" saw his work at Pont-Aven in 1888 and 1889 and learned to appreciate the decorative and expressive possibilities of the "musical harmonies." Denis, Roussel, Vuillard, Bonnard, all derived much from his example.

The first Tahitian works, with their sinuous outlines and robust forms, seem to have influenced Maillol and Suzanne Valladon.

Some artists were not affected by any one phase of his work, but by its totality. While he was in Tahiti his paintings were on view at Vollard's and other Parisian picture dealers. The legendary character of their creator, as well as their mysterious and striking colors, must have stimulated the imagination of Munch, and later the fauves who, like Gauguin, endeavored "to paint as [they] saw, to lay on the canvas, without so much as planning a red, a blue."

It is obvious also that the works and the romantic life of Gauguin fostered an enthusiasm for the unclassical in art which made the advent of cubism, with its frank allegiance to Negro art, possible. And it has made us, the public of today, as sensitive to Indian sculpture as to the frieze of the Parthenon.

Henri Dorra is associate director of the John and Mabel Ringling Museum, Sarasota, Florida, and is at work on a Gauguin catalogue raisonne.

London by William Gaunt

A Chat with Henry Moore

The old-established Leicester Galleries, just off Leicester Square, is rather like one of those distinguished restaurants, unpretentious in appearance, where one is always sure of a first-rate cuisine. For a long time, many of Britain's best works of sculpture (and by no means the smallest) have first been publicly seen in a room intimate enough in proportions to look small, though much ampler in fact than it might first appear.

"I think it's the best room in London for showing sculpture," said Henry Moore, whom I found there some days before the opening of his new exhibition of bronzes, arranging final details; and certainly the large centerpiece, the two seated figures for the Middelheim Open Air Museum, Antwerp, was very impressive in its gallery setting: the *King and Queen* heads, distinct as male and female types in chess-piece-like, semi-abstraction, catching the light with strangely interesting effect.

Moore showed me photographs of the figures in their Belgian open-air surroundings. "All due to the enthusiasm of the Burgomaster," he remarked, "this museum with sculptures by Maillol, and others besides myself. My bronze was complete last year. But it's an 'edition' of three and, of course, the casting takes months. This version, here, was only finished a few weeks ago."

The strangeness of the figures comes from the heads and hieratic pose but one notes a natural simplicity of detail. "I'm pleased with the feet, in particular," said Moore. "You know the way the angels stand in Piero della Francesca's *Nativity*? The feet planted so absolutely firmly on the ground. That's the idea I had in mind." With a fair memory of the National Gallery painting, one could see not so much a direct resemblance as the same esthetic purity of intention.

As a "Utopian" open-air piece, the Middelheim work is certainly one of Moore's major achievements. We walked on to his model for the reliefs on the Time-Life building in Bond Street, which consort a little oddly, in their temple-like emphasis, with the general unemphatic suavity of that thoroughfare.

The sculptor swiveled one of the

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Paris by Michel Seuphor

Ensor's Fantasy

A great artist is a kind of crossroads, creating new links between men by the new paths that he renders intelligible and practicable; by interpreting the spirit of the time or revealing to the masses what they themselves feel, he is a rallying point for the men of a certain generation or country; he is finally a link between different eras.

Few painters illustrate this point as clearly as does James Ensor. For those in Paris who are still not convinced of this fact, the large exhibition which has just opened at the Musée de l'Art Moderne (containing 84 paintings, 62 watercolors and drawings and the entire collection of engravings numbering not less than 145 pieces) is of indisputable eloquence. In terms of the past we find reminders of Hals, Rembrandt, Watteau, but also of Breughel, Bosch, Hogarth; in terms of the future, the future as we know it, we see that this extraordinary man, who lived for almost a century, was an intimist painter before Vuillard, a symbolist before Redon, an expressionist before *Die Brücke*, that he painted in the manner of Bonnard before Bonnard; in short, futurists, dadaists and surrealists alike could all find nourishment in his work and could claim him as one of their own.

What was miraculous about Ensor was the wealth, the immense diversity that he was able to produce out of the most monotonous life imaginable. He never left Ostend (except for his studies at the Brussels Academy); one might almost say that he never left his mother's shop and the warm bourgeois house in which he unwound the long ribbon of a bachelor's colorless life. A few feet away the sea roared behind its dyke, but he didn't need to go look at it very often: the sea was always there right in his mother's shop.

He lived like a rather prissy old maid, surrounding himself with the lace, shells, and paintings he loved, and he would relate, like some well-worn record, the story of each engraving, the origin and secret intention of each little work. I came upon him unexpectedly one day while he was painting a still-life of seafood and porcelains. "This was the first still-life I sold," he said, "and then

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Indianapolis by Allen S. Weller

Mannerism

The highlight at the John Herron Art Museum this year (through March 28) is a large showing of mannerist art, 1520 to 1620, which is in many ways unique. So far as is known, this is the first American exhibition to focus attention on a style which is obscure to the general public and still in process of definition by the scholars. However, it is a style which was the product of an age whose sophistication and confusion bears certain striking similarities to our own, and which can now be seen with an immediacy and a sharpness which was impossible a generation ago.

The show is unique also in the fact that it will be seen in no other museum; consequently Indianapolis at the moment is the center of the most unusual exhibition of the year. Director Wilbur Peat and Curator Robert Parks have accomplished a bold and useful project with remarkable success; their work was sustained by the wisdom and enthusiasm of Dr. Walter Friedlaender, who acted as their advisor, and who has contributed a brilliant essay on mannerism to the catalogue which is bound to become an essential item in the bibliography of the field.

The exhibition consists of 71 drawings and paintings by about 40 artists, all of them Italian with the exception of El Greco, whose works take on new significance when seen as the conclusion of nearly a century's development. It was a development which turned away from the materialism of the renaissance, with its sense of harmony and perfection, of grand but attainable ideals, to sometimes indecisive speculation, inner tensions, unexpected paradoxes, and intuition. All of these qualities provide links with the present. But the mannerists never lost their command of and respect for traditional techniques and methods, and it is engrossing to see new ideas and points of view inevitably transforming the art idiom of the high renaissance.

Among the paintings, one returns again and again to the magnificent *Halberdier* of Pontormo (Mr. C. D. Stillman, New York), fastidiously disturbing in its serious aloofness; to the almost painful perfection of *Portrait of a Young Man* by Bronzino (Nelson Gallery, Kansas City),

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Henry Moore in his studio



San Francisco by Lawrence Ferling "Hour of Absinthe"

All is quiet on the Western front. The unpeaceful offensive by California open-form expressionists has this year ground to a hesitant halt, if we are to believe the evidence presented at the San Francisco Art Association's 73d Annual Painting and Sculpture Exhibition now at the San Francisco Museum of Art (to Mar. 28).

The number of open-form paintings in the Art Association annual is far less than in any recent year, and of the dozen or so prizes awarded in painting only three went to such work. Gone, except for a few brilliant examples, are the great palimpsests of paint, the flowing rivers of Duco, the depopulated landscapes of light, the great imageless battlefields of painterly Action.

Abstract expressionist technique has here been subjected to greater discipline than before. The flood of paint has been controlled and confined, if only by the artificial dikes erected by the museum in limiting the size of paintings to five by five feet.

The excitement of paint is as strong in this annual as it ever was, and though there may be less freedom in the use of the paint there is a more mature voluptuous pleasure in the use of it. And if you think of Baudelaire's "luxe, calme et volupté" when you look at the paintings here, you may think of his "forest of symbols" when you walk through the assembled sculpture. Whether or not the symbolism is conscious on the part of the artists, there is an enormous urge toward the symbolic in this sculpture, and perhaps this is a hint of the direction which painting too will probably take with its new figurations.

Reality, whether defined in non-objective or objective terms, remains the motive of important art, each painting being ideally a "showing forth" of reality, an epiphany. Whatever direction abstract expressionism may now take, the hour of absinthe is over, so to speak, and the artist is left with what Jacques Prévert (in a poem on Picasso) calls "the terrifying pips of reality." The abstract expressionist has now to discover and articulate on canvas the meaning of the reality (or of the illusion) which he is painting.

James Ensor: "Self Portrait"



El Greco: "Head of Christ"
from The Herron Art Museum mannerist exhibition



Pierre Auguste Renoir: "Reclining Nude" (1902)

Renoir: Labor of Love

by James N. Rosenberg

In recent times a sort of whispering attack on Renoir's later work has gone the rounds. Little digs: "Too much red; faces vague; edges blurry; nothing but women. The Master slipped." Who has so spoken or written? For the life of me I can give no bill of particulars.

Paul Rosenberg bought his first Renoir (\$300) 56 years ago. Life-long worshipper of the Master, he visited the grand old man 15 days before the end. Brush strapped to crippled arthritic fingers, Renoir was at work. "When I can no longer use this hand," said Renoir, "I'll hold the brush between my teeth."

None of the 17 canvases here shown (to April 5) are for sale. The catalogue is without comment or praise. The public is left to judge for itself; the show is a labor of love. Does it demolish those (if there be any) who disparage Renoir's later work? Comparison of two of the canvases exhibited with two famous earlier Renoirs answers the question.

Set the superb 1892 Sam Lewisohn painting (now at the Metropolitan Museum) *Girls in a Meadow* alongside the 1912 *Washerwomen*. Perhaps you'll agree with me that if you had the choice of either, you might select the latter. Its melting horizons, its little brook in the foreground, little white cottage in the middle distance, its enchanting figures, its veritable spectrum of colors, its magical integration mark it as one of Renoir's notable achievements. Here is not loss but increase of mastery.

Contrast the 1885 *Bathers*—one of Renoir's most celebrated paintings—with the 1902 *Reclining Nude* here exhibited. You will recollect that the former has three lovely nudes in the foreground. Even their toe nails show (or nearly so). The figures are outlined almost with a rapier point. In 1885 Renoir was, I suggest, still powerfully influenced by Ingres whom he had so greatly admired when a student at the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

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René Magritte: "The Treachery of Images"

Magritte's Surrealist Grammar

by Robert Rosenblum

In René Magritte's series, "Word vs. Image" of 1928-30, on view at Sidney Janis until March 20, the surrealist's efforts to disturb conventional points of view achieve startling results. For here, with a method and logic distressing in its conclusions, Magritte has challenged our casual acceptance of the identity of a word with the image for which it stands. His didactic program proceeds with a diabolical inevitability. Like a grade-school primer, Magritte demonstrates in the most lucid terms the premises of his new surrealist dictionary and grammar.

In *The Usage of the Word*, for example, we are presented with two brownish blobs of paint, which are emphatically labeled "miroir" and "corps de femme." So be it. A more negative lesson is learned in *The Treachery of Images*, where the image of a pipe is blatantly titled, "Ceci n'est pas une pipe." And once the basic disjunction of words from their corresponding images is effected, Magritte can go on to more complex matters.

Sometimes he only toys with commonplace metaphors, as in the female portrait whose title, *The Phantom Landscape*, is borne out by the inscription, "montagne," across the face. But in general, he is involved with subtler problems of surrealist syntax and imagery. There is, for instance, *The Key of Dreams*, where a richer demonstration of the new vocabulary is offered. Arranged in black-board fashion, this key to dreams tells us that a shoe equals "la lune", an egg, "l'acacia", so that the over-all image of six objects with six new appellations presents a bizarre and evocative configuration. And once this lesson has been learned, our teacher can use words alone, without images, to create a still more paradoxical grouping. In *The Empty Mask*, where four familiar words and phrases are inscribed in four empty and irregularly-shaped compartments, a tantalizing enigma is posed. At face value, the confrontation of these four

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Rufino Tamayo: "Wounded Beast"



Upper part of vase (left); upper part of vase with figure Quimbaya style (right) at the Metropolitan Museum

Tamayo: Fire and Ice

by Sam Hunter

There has always been a conflict in Tamayo's art, to my view, between a genuine primitive quality—something native and in the blood—and the worldling's sophisticated taste. In its first impact, his *Wounded Beast* of 1941 in the Museum of Modern Art is knock-out; it has the savage simplicity and strange "otherness" that we associate with primitive art. Menace looms large and compelling in concrete form, in the form of two most particularized beasts. While the stylization recalls Picasso's carefully cultivated primitivism, the potency of the images allows us to overlook that, just as it does the rather tasteful School of Paris colors.

In recent years Tamayo has not resolved this conflict so happily. He has sought more poetic and complex "modern" symbols while at the same time refining his technical means all the more, almost to the point of effiteness. His elegant color sense and decorator's gift were clear from the start and became part of a program of opposition to the official "Mexicanists"—to Siquieros, Orozco and Rivera—and their self-conscious nationalism and packaged-for-the-masses expressionist styles. He once defined his position as a one-man movement to "restore to our painting its pure qualities." Instead of poring over Mexican political history, Tamayo went to school with the modern masters and fashioned an elegant but powerful expression—no less native—out of an international pictorial idiom. To Braque and Picasso's decorative formalism and Bonnard's glowing colors he added a fierce native inflection. He became the purist and intimist of Mexican muralists.

In the 40s Tamayo began to introduce those elongations and violent foreshortenings that made his figures, like Picasso's of the 20s, appear made of chewing gum and capable of indefinite extension. He also began to elaborate a set of new symbols: a whole spinning universe of fancy

[continued on page 32]

Pre-Hispanic Gold

by Dore Ashton

Before legends of new world gold brought 16th-century Spanish conquerors to South America, the quotidian life of the Indian must have been liberally applied to activity in the decorative arts, judging by the exhibition of pre-Hispanic gold work at the Metropolitan Museum until April 14. This show, which comprises 80 choice items from the collection of the Banco de la Republica's Gold Muséum in Bogota, has been lent by the Colombian government for Columbia University's 200th Anniversary celebration. Far from being "primitive", these objects represent sophisticated technical developments and are executed in complex techniques still used in the goldsmith's art today.

In full regalia, the Indian aristocrat must have made a resounding musical passage through his village, for most of the personal ornaments in the show were intended to clap, clank and jingle as the man moved. Almost without exception the diadems, earrings, nose clips, pectorals and breastplates were elaborately wrought with numerous extra rings designed to hold additional ornaments hung, Steinberg fashion, one from the other ad infinitum. An entire set of ornaments for a Calima chieftain covers just about every inch of his body with dangling beaten, soldered, *repoussé* and carved gold objects. And none has been traced to any but a decorative significance despite new investigations.

Particularly beautiful are the fluted flasks and ceremonial bottles of the Quimbayas. These were cast in the complicated "cire perdue" method and are as expertly conceived as any high renaissance gold objects. Other striking items are the long, hat-pin like batons or scepters with their tiny human or animal figure heads; the webby ornaments of the Muisca, possibly cast over textiles or wire threads, and flat Muisca figures, their features rendered in abstract linear patterns by means of welded wires.

57th Street

Two English, Three U. S. Artists by Sam Feinstein

The British sculptor *Kenneth Armitage* will probably gain many American admirers in his first show here (Schaefer, to Apr. 15), for his pieces are both simple and charming. If I find them somehow resistible it is not that they lack appeal, but that their simplicity is too obvious; their charm, a little pat. One finds cozy reminiscences in Armitage's sculpture; it echoes the safe museum prestige of archeological exhibits.

His figures have a dug-up look. They are mummy-like: coverings over bones, which, stretched between verticals, create flattened, screen-like apparitions; pressed anatomies gesticulating with vestigial limbs, or fossilized reliefs still encased in isolated remnants of their original context. Their form-extremities dwindle into smallness, or muffled detail; heads, arms, legs taper into pleasantly whimsical recalls of their more robust natural character, as if worn into vagueness or anonymity.

Occasionally a free-standing variation is present: the totemic *Figure with Square Head* or the birdlike shapes of *People in the Wind*, craning their long necks forward, all molded into uncomplicated, rather bland surfaces. One can't help feeling, however, that these simplicities have resulted from the sculptor's admiration for other artists—notably Henry Moore—rather than his arriving at some monumental conclusion out of his own creative experience.

Something of Armitage's surfaces appear in the paintings of *Samson Schames* (who also lives in England) but the differences between the two artists are greater than their similarities. Unlike Armitage's forms, Schames, (Karnig, to Mar. 20.) are not reduced, but built up into simplicity, and they integrate many complex elements in the process. His is a romantic response to nature; a pictorial prose so intense that it results in an essentially poetic expression. He concentrates on landscapes rather than figures, combining ink, watercolor and crayon into forms which seem wraith-like yet tense and strong.

A fortuitous texture pervades Schames' work, achieved through mergings and separations of his mixed media. The withdrawal of one medium from another—the "crawl" of ink upon a wax surface, for example—often speckles the lighter areas of his forms with curious black markings, like tattoos. Soon enough their apparently casual aspect reveals its deeper artistic purpose: this

method is this artist's most graphic means of interpreting his subjective response to the forms of nature, and the black spots, originally a tactile bond between the painter and his subject, become points of contact between the observer and the paintings as well.

Anthony Toney paints not less poetically than Schames, but with a far more deliberate, reflective touch (A.C.A., to Apr. 3). His are the carefully analyzed passages of color chosen for richness. Unlike Armitage or Schames, Toney is unconcerned with the simple image; he introduces many facets of a subject, like segments of an opened orange, which can be seen separately, or reformed to complete the original contour. He likes to flatten both distance and color, yet sacrifices neither depth nor luminosity, as in *Figure and Cityscape*.

At times he overcharges a canvas (in *Archers* too many small forms are crowded together, relieved but not integrated by a large foreground silhouette) and he has a tendency to over-model faces; but when Toney succeeds with his premise, as in the very handsome *Playground*, he creates a painting which is both decorative and imaginatively stirring.

Decorative, but not deeply moving is *Jay Robinson's* work (Milch, to Mar. 27.) He performs in various manners, apparently feeling that in the end virtuosity will triumph. And he has, indeed, a very great facility. He can detail a solid surface to suit the most ardent advocates of illusionism, then suddenly fade from it (within the same picture) into a montage of vague scumbles from which then outlines or shadows emerge, creating a curiously transparency. He can peck spots of colored oil into a Seurat-like fragment (through which outlines peer) or imbed pieces of enameled surfaces into a varicolored mosaic (through which two eyes stare). He can cut and nail metallic shapes into neat patterns forming two bullet-riddled Dick Tracy figures. In short, he can do anything but go through an emotional, rather than a manipulative process. The resulting images seem less related to the plastic arts than to the tricky ingratiating characteristics of advertising artwork.

Norma Morgan's talent is less versatile than Robinson's, but she is a very gifted craftsman who seeks to express her themes through elaborate, meticulously detailed figure tableaux. Miss Morgan's consistency

and earnestness are certainly in evidence here, for she paints with a pre-Raphaelite fervor; her paintings and prints, however, achieve their strongest impact on an illustrative, rather than an esthetic level.

Abstraction in Three Stages

by Al Newbill

The painter today seeking new pictorial dimensions is an explorer of uncharted seas. Beset with indecision and insecurity, he keeps on a course largely determined by his courage, conviction and awareness of his time. The kind and degree of commitment of three young painters, all involved in one way or another with abstract art, reflect different stages of the current struggle in their respective exhibitions.

Jan Muller, the most interesting of the three (Hansa, Mar. 23 to Apr. 3), stands out as a gifted and deeply involved artist. In his last year's show Muller began to withdraw from non-objective painting and now strikes even more representational themes as he further re-evaluates man in a physical environment. At the moment it is impossible to detect any one dominant direction as much of Muller's work is in a transitional stage and oscillates between romantic figure-landscapes and monumental cubistic figures. His earlier spotting of rectangular color planes over the entire canvas continues to play a role as he now allows these same color intervals to build up and combine with representational elements. Though beautifully painted, mixing old means to new content and old content to new means makes of these works an unresolved struggle with form and tempers their pictorial impact.

Philosophically, Muller looks back to the romanticism of Delacroix and the classic ideal of Poussin with its intellectual construction and order. Nostalgia for the past, for its order and security, may appease the contemporary malaise but does not solve the problem facing painting today. Artificial relationship to tradition can create a false synthesis, placing the artist in limbo between purgatory and hell. Muller's position describes for me the dilemma of many painters today who are turning to representational form. Unable to associate order and intellectual construction with the irrationality and spontaneity of abstract painting, they accept a more static concept that does not include process and change, the essence of present day reality. Form and space acquire new meaning and their inner order must flow from out the matrix

of contemporary experience and understanding.

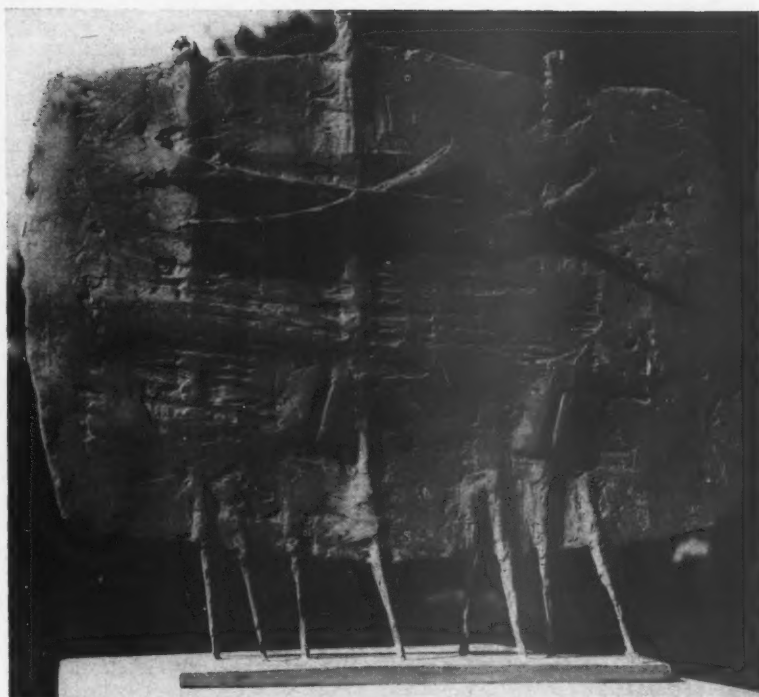
Wing Dong on the other hand (*Matrix*, to Apr. 3) is just beginning to accept the challenge of abstract painting. Though still attached to mechanically constructed semi-abstracts, he is progressively breaking into freer painting statement. The two canvases, *Approaching Spring* and *Jungle Bloom* are furthest along the way in this development. Though lovely in color, facile and ingenious in handling, other paintings become decorative while form and space remain too compartmentalized. Intelligent though his control is, Dong's concern for structure hinders a rich imaginative mind which needs freer rein to produce more vital painting.

Gywl Mitchell in his own way (Gallery 47A, to Mar. 28) completes this group of three; a painter who having scarcely achieved representational painting authority, is bitten by the modern art bug and takes the plunge. He wanders around the periphery of abstract painting while his show shifts from one attack to another, representational, pseudo-abstract to attempted non-objective. There is not enough inner conviction or understanding of any direction to make his work meaningful.

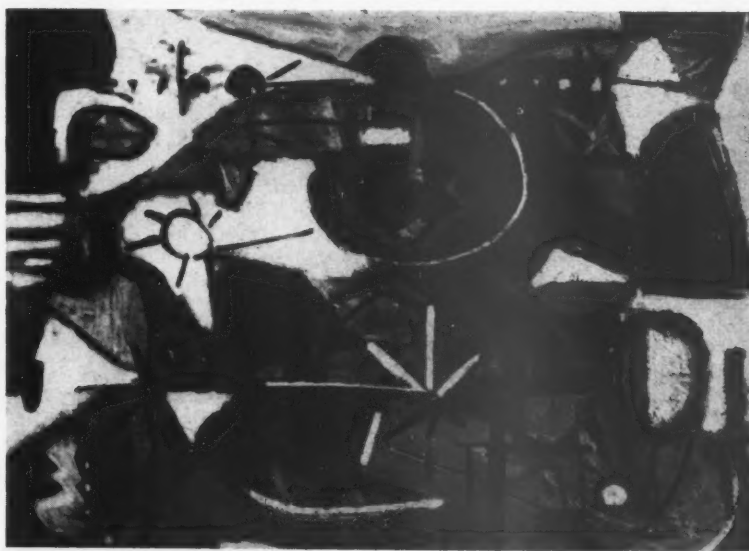
Léon Bonhomme

A re-examination of the work of Bonhomme (1870-1924) affirms once more both the high quality and historical importance of this minor master's art. A student of Moreau, and an intimate of Rouault, Bonhomme—judging by the dates—must be given priority in the formation of the style heretofore associated exclusively with the fauve period of Rouault. But aside from this considerable historical interest, Bonhomme's work, for all its closeness to Rouault, is to be enjoyed in itself. The magnificently firm and luminous *Portrait of his Father*, with its well-assimilated lesson from Cézanne, and the entire succeeding series of watercolors, from about 1900 to his death, are all admirable. Prostitutes and cafe life are the predominant themes, and if they lack Rouault's spiritual intensity, they substitute a distinctive briskness and elegance, which captures, in the most intimate and tiny fragments, the decadent and evil flavor of the Paris underworld. For all their fragility and smallness, these pictures are remarkably pungent, and speak of an artistic personality which should no longer go unnoticed. (Chapellier, to Mar. 31.)

—R.R.



Kenneth Armitage: "Friends Walking"



Wing Dong: "Approaching Spring"

Robert Goodnough

The first painting on the left as you enter is analytically cubist, followed by others which are more descriptive of figures, seen in pairs or singly, as introspective heads or horned devils. Black line is important in all these, as in another group having the character of signals which seek to direct events already rigid; in these works, Goodnough's vigor of perception achieves evocative tensions. The constructions here seem unrelated to the

serious intent of the paintings, being flimsy where they would be whimsical. Mostly suggestive of human figures, and assembled of nuts, bolts, and solder, they have a tendency to stay small. Comprising so many diverse elements, this exhibition raises a question: does a linear search for the expression of inner tension presage a new pictorial reality, or is this simply the exclusion of the plasticity of painted form, (Tibor de Nagy, to March 20).—F.M.

Roko Group

More tentative than reticent, a salubrious note is struck, however, in individual approaches — generally within the representational gamut. Almost all of the artists are stroking away at the limitations of the subject but it remains for an 80-year-old primitive, Joseph Steig, to discover new freedom in his own backyard. The father of cartoonist William Steig, his painting, *Harbor*, simply leaps with a vitality that is not altogether naive. Geometric faceting and divisions in primary colors for the most part may suggest Mondrian, Leger and Torres Garcia but no such tutelage is apparent.

The sculptors are outnumbered but Herbert Kallem and Louise Kruger are effective spokesman for them.

Elliot Lehman makes a positive statement with considered economy in *Norwalk Station*. Paul Hollister's *Snow Storm* does the same with verve. Nikolaj Storm, Doris Cross and Louis Finkelstein and others are also represented. (Roko, to Mar. 31.)

—S.T.

Fritz Glarner, Georges Vantongerloo

Although Glarner's work has often been considered merely a minor offshoot of Mondrian, the present show confirms most decisively his artistic independence. True, like Mondrian, he is non-figurative, and restricts himself to straight lines and predominantly primary colors; yet he handles his relatively limited means in a distinctly personal way, achieving within his severe pictorial orbit a rich variety of expression. Unlike Mondrian, he eschews the 90-degree angle, organizing his flat planes on slightly tilted axes. And in the series of tondo paintings, he introduces the static form of the circle to frame and

animate his rectilinear patterning. In general, his pictures are excitingly alive in their subtle and disciplined manipulations of planes upon the picture surface, and the vivacity and intricacy of his forms are all the more remarkable when considered together with the exquisite precision and final rightness apparent in almost all his works.

The four sculptures of Vantongerloo included in the exhibition indicate the continued experimentation of this master. In an attempt to create a visual equivalent of new scientific concepts of the transformability of matter and energy, he has created configurations of plastic tubing spotted with color. The resulting forms suggest nuggets of energy radiating from intangible cores. They look somewhat tentative, but at least they prophesy more convincing investigations from an artist who has always accepted the challenge offered by 20th century scientific theory. (Rose Fried, to Mar. 27.)—R.R.

John Graham

Nearly all retrospective exhibitions have the virtue of recalling our attention to certain kinds of effort which may no longer be fashionable in a new generation (but which once occupied artists as forcefully as our own chic ideas dominate us today). Not the least interest in this collection of John Graham's work is the way it illuminates certain parts of this past—among others, the shadowy realm which stretches in the imagination from Marie Laurencin to certain hints and parodies of surrealism. (Graham seems to have a very lively sense of parody.)

The show includes a large number of paintings, and some drawings, sketches and studies, representing

the artist's various phases. The most insistent works are the more recent: portrait-like paintings of women in which Graham is overwhelmingly preoccupied with a pink-black axis. These are high in melodramatic qualities, but the chalky pinks and flat blacks (sometimes midnight blues) somehow fail to yield their intended impact. (Stable, to Apr. 3.)

—H.K.

Lawrence Woodman

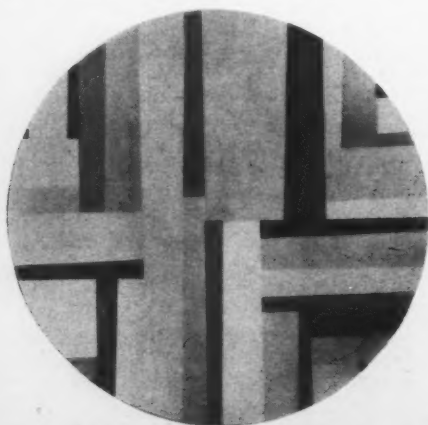
Lilliput House, 231½ Elizabeth St., comes by its name naturally. It is 4½ feet wide, perhaps 10 feet long. Woodman himself is hardly Lilliputian, in speech or scope, though some of his paintings actually are tiny.

Large or small they cover every conceivable inch of available area of the gallery Woodman operates. Others are stacked or placed in piles. He has put his mark down on virtually everything but canvas since he began painting over 11 years ago. He calls the whole business a "pre-post modern memorial—in two installments."

His expression abides in a frenzy that is referred to in France as "art brut". Esthetics is helpless in the face of such eccentricity, and this is not necessarily a derogation of what Woodman has done or is doing; and his later works have regressed to a level of incomprehensible innocence rarely seen outside of a kindergarten. His earlier works are something else, places and things individually perceived and crudely (not out of mere ignorance) depicted.

It is perhaps a sign of the times that we must view peculiarity from a distance and accept our own silence when we cannot exercise tact. These are the facts. Let the observer judge for himself. Open Sunday and Wednesday, 3-7 p.m. only. (Lilliput House, to Mar. 17.)—S.T.

Fritz Glarner: "Relational Painting"



John Graham: "Stable"



Lili, Irene, and Alice Gross

This sister act comprises two painters and a sculptress: Irene, who displays a lively pictorial sense and painterly ability in scenes from the West Indies; Lili whose powers of imagination are best revealed in her less polished canvases, *Underground* and *Waterfront*, and Alice whose small terra cotta figures are pleasant and accomplished. (Wellons, to Mar. 27.)—M.S.

Marcelle Stoianovich

Unmistakably French in their charm, the facility and flavor of these watercolors are the order of her craft rather than a national bias. The artist is a product of Paris (here two years), and the roots of her casual style are something she doesn't have to struggle with.

Here colors are deftly washed in or allowed to flow and merge into the forms of her figures, flowers, bedrooms, etc. Her treatment of space in her more daring studies is intelligent—reserved rather than profound. (Gallery 75, to Mar. 31.)—S.T.

Berman's Two Careers

Berman's place as a painter is deservedly well established. The current show—his sets and costumes for the Metropolitan Opera "*Barber of Seville*"—ranks him with Robert Jones (not the golfer), Lee Simonson, Jo Mielziner as a distinguished artist of the theatre.

It is an art differing as night from day from that which challenges the painter who sits before a canvas attacking a flat surface free to follow his unrestricted impulse. It is a three dimensional task with special problems of artificial lighting, human

beings, costumes, furniture, walls and beams surrounding the stage, carpenters, electricians, moveability of sets, architectural limitations of the theatre or opera house.

The show for which the artist of the theatre designs sets and costumes must be read and absorbed by the artist so that they are historically correct and—what is more important—relevant in mood and spirit to the atmosphere of the play—be it tragedy, comedy or farce, opera or theatre.

Berman's Metropolitan sets for "*Rigoletto*" and "*Forza del Destino*" would hardly have seemed to prepare him for so blithe a comedy as "*The Barber of Seville*". Yet he has achieved the leap. His gay costumes and colors, his somewhat stylized architectural designs give the necessary lighthearted tone for the Barber.

Reds, yellows, pinks; houses, doors, windows; costumes, backgrounds—all sharply accented achieve a happy unison; the small sketches, drawn to scale with meticulous care in 8 x 12 inch format, make one want to see them transformed into sets on the vast stage of the metropolitan opera. (Kniedler, to Apr. 26.)—J.A.

Jan De Ruth, Claude Aliotti

De Ruth's paintings vacillate between two poles. At times, he takes his cue from Degas in subject and style, painting the by now all too familiar ballet dancers or café sitters with such typical Degas devices as diagonally-placed benches or table-tops. On the other hand, De Ruth moves towards a looser, lusher style, evident in his female portraits, with their occasional liveliness of brushwork.

By contrast, Aliotti's art is both more personal and more coherent. His scenes of France catch, with their firm brushstrokes and thick

palette, the activities of city and country. His colors are generally cool and somber, strongly organized about more vivid color accents, as in the reds, whites, and blues of the 14 Juillet celebration. (Coronet, Mar. 21 to Apr. 3.)—R.R.

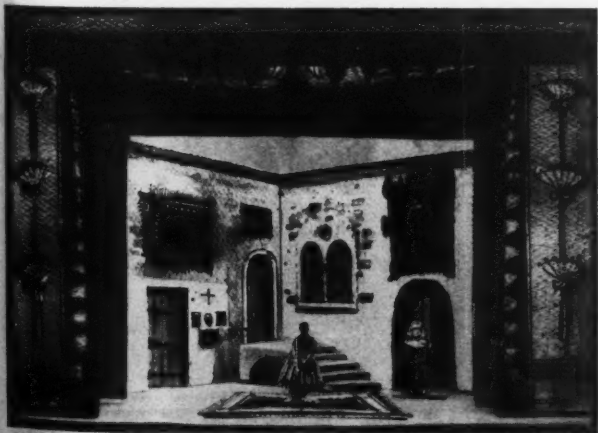
Roger Chapelain-Midy

This French artist's first one-man show in America demonstrates a talent of the most traditional kind. His art, indeed, is almost wholly indebted to 19th century French landscape painting, choosing bits from, on the one hand, the geometry of Corot's early architectural forms, on the other, the impressionists' discoveries about light and atmosphere. For all that, his conservative paintings—principally seascapes—present a coherent, if a most conservative style, attractive in the thinness and freshness of its application of paint, in its lucid organization, in its tasteful color. (Wildenstein, to Mar. 30.)—R.R.

Walter Murch

These paintings of still-life focus on both the traditional imagery of the genre—fruits, bottles, etc.—and also on some very remarkable machine objects. It is curious to note, however, that the smooth and apparently flawless painting technique is unchanged throughout. The result is a uniformity of texture and feeling which seems incongruous with the differences in motif. *Time Clock* and *Instrument*, in particular, are thick with a sentiment which robs them of the visual rudeness one feels they ought to have. This is also true of *Sewing Machine*, although this wonderful-looking object is almost interesting enough to transcend the feeling it is intended to convey. (Parsons, Mar. 8-27.)—H.K.

Eugene Berman: Set for "*Barber of Seville*"



Walter Murch: "*Instrument*"



Braque Prints

In an exhibition of his etchings and lithographs, two etchings in cubistic, flat patterning antedate by a year or so his earliest published plate in 1914, indicating his early interest in graphics. Later papers, especially the recent ones, display his command of the resources of line, color, texture, form. Some of the subjects are the same as those of Braque's paintings, but the approach is entirely different, a fresh, imaginative recasting of the themes.

In a black and white etching of anemones in a bowl, the flowers are outlined with heavy, black contours, yet on their supporting base is a pattern of delicate hatchings, securing variety of textures. Like many of his late paintings, the artist frees objects from the need of structural background by placing them in a shallow rectangle. The etching, *Guitar*, is not so much a representation of the instrument as an echo of its music.

Among the colored lithographs there are a number of neo-classic themes, fine tremulous lines and archaic distortions suggesting that Braque had studied Greek vase paintings. Two of the *Helios* series are included. The latest plate is the *clou* of the showing, a vase of formalized leaves in deep green, the vase in brilliant pink shading to paler hues under radiance. It combines the discipline of cubistic practice with a warm, sensuous naturalism. (Galerie Chalette, Mar. 16, to Apr. 10.)—M.B.

Lucille Littell

Somewhere in these promising paintings there is an inarticulate agitation at work, which, properly encouraged and endured, might result in that magic we call art. This agitation is fundamental, the source of intuition

and personality. Jean Cocteau in his forward for her catalogue for this, her first one man show, joins it to a larger artistic function:

"The role of the artist will be to create an organism . . . active enough to excite the secret senses reacting only to certain signs. . ."

Possibly Miss Littell is harassed by an unprincipled urge, for her work varies from a semi-abstract still life to an abstract maze of strokes which all but subjugate a melon and bottle on a kitchen chair. Her later oils possess those crudities which are a by-product of transitional and influenced work, striving to be itself. Borrowing from Bazaine, she is impatient with him, possibly because she has feminized his message.

Yet the secret artistic sense first tests reality in borrowed strength, a kind of heroism that we readily recognize; in Miss Littell's work we can see the entire cubist pantheon via a contemporary. (Eggleston, to Apr. 3.)—S.T.

Brooklyn Artists' Biennial

The juries of regional exhibitions (even in a cosmopolitan region like Brooklyn) are still operating on the dubious theory that their selections should represent a democracy of styles rather than sheer quality of achievement; and therefore they cannot escape the charge of dullness which is often brought against them. The current biennial exhibition of the Brooklyn Society of Artists is certainly vulnerable in this respect, although a few notable works distinguish themselves from the general level.

The prize-winning watercolor *The Jugglers* by Edmond Casarella is certainly a work of considerable beauty. It is probably the finest single work in the exhibition. However, Marvin

Cherney's prize-winning oil, *Pregnant Woman*, is the kind of work which seems to capture prizes less for its capacity to stimulate a powerful critical taste than for its ability to satisfy a cross-section of opinion. Among the other oils, Morris Gluckman's *Floral Motif* is a finer work, and Seymour Boardman's *No. 3—1953* has a rude and disturbing quality which is singular among so many academic pieces.

Among the watercolors, Michael Ross' *Cacophony* is, after Casarella's, the most interesting in the group, managing to avoid the pitfalls of sentimentality and easy grotesqueness in a subject which usually invites both. Peter Takal's drawing *Window in Brooklyn* is also notable. (Brooklyn Museum, to April 4.)

—H.K.

Hyman Bloom

A preview of the large retrospective exhibition to be held next month at the Boston Institute of Contemporary Arts, this exhibition includes about a dozen recent paintings and their giant preparatory drawings.

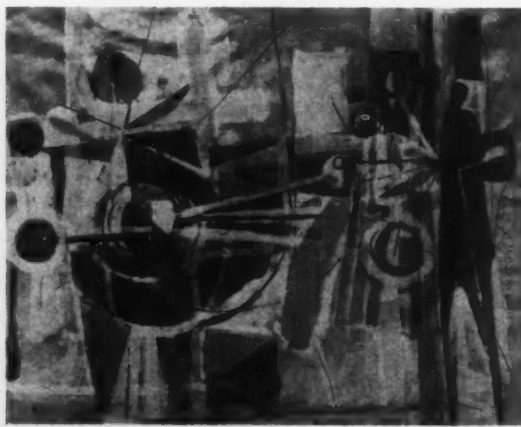
Bloom's expressionism has become increasingly potent in the past few years and has now reached a furious crescendo. This entire group of canvases are reflections of some unearthly operating theatre. Like Rembrandt, Bloom regards dissection and description of sick flesh in both an analytic and emotional context. He is not of the blood-and-guts school, but he tempts the lurid to a point which almost, but not quite, becomes loathsome. It is a hairline margin.

Whatever the truth is which Bloom is trying to convey, he has devised a stunning way to present it. For example, in *Cadaver on a Table*, a tangle of organic forms, vividly described in atonal colors, are placed against a shallow, vacant back-

Georges Braque: "Chariot"



Edmond Casarella: "The Jugglers", Brooklyn Museum



ground. These disjointed shapes thrust close to the picture plane and the spectator is doubly alerted to gory details by means of the theatrical spotlight Bloom casts on the central part of his composition. *Conquest*, which is perhaps the thematic key to the entire group, since it patently refers to martial slaughter, with piles of dismembered figures in close-up against a no-man's-land background. The disordered aspects and deliberate jarring color harmonies — yellows, magentas, reds and browns fully communicate the sordid truths of war.

Bloom's traditional training is apparent in the enormous sanguine drawings. They are more naturalistic, call to mind Leonardo and Mantegna in their expressive draftsmanship, and are less charged with violence. (Durlacher, to Apr. 3.)—D.A. 3.)—D.A.

John Ferren

The general effect here is of a man who, while convincingly expounding a number of esthetic views, suddenly pauses to offer an aside *sotto voce* as if to see if everyone is listening. Also, for a painter of Ferren's rank, it represents a kind of conversion. It is a disappointing surprise.

Ferren is hardly an unknown and he is at the point where the slightest divagation must be and will be regarded with interest. But in looking under a small leaf he has forgotten the big tree he was rearing so carefully.

He has moved from a tight geometric style, into his own kind of expressionism and now these pictures — precious and fleeting mementoes of suggestibility in a few spots, overlaid by more spots and running, fracturing lines suggesting accidents — only expected — all thinly washed onto orlon and paper surfaces.

The space is oriental, Kandinsky's kind of orientalism, but the motifs show little if any selection and hardly any control. But in the absence of a perceptible mystique, a kind of automatism appears to have sufficed.

It is fortunate that they can be seen in number, for their saving grace lies in their accumulative effect of colors and rhythms. In the final analysis, however, they must be marked of as a new high in — to coin a term — swivel-chair modernism. (Stable, to April 3.)—S.T.

Shim Grudin

His watercolor landscape fantasies and abstractions à la Kandinsky are remotely suggestive of nature. Color and darker line swirl and dart capriciously in spontaneous gesture without a modicum of control, and

too often result in ill-defined images. With sound painting impulse and imaginative feel for the medium, Grudin has yet to exploit convincing subject matter. The work that rings with most assurance is *Xandu*, an exotic depiction of Coleridge's strange and wondrous city, while *Mill Town* achieves success by effective utilization of unpainted white areas to produce volume. (Artisans, Mar. 20 to 31.)—A.N.

Drawings

Drawing has been glibly defined as "a dance of the hand", but this contemporary work shows that it is also a revelation of the artist's personality and of his attitude toward his work. Dong Kingman's drawings display his interest in the everyday world by surety of hand and purpose. In Fred Nagler's *Men In Argument*, the figures held closely in a compositional arc are both precisely and delicately characterized. His *Christ On The Mount* is an unusual and poignant conception. Doris Rosenthal's Mexican girls set off by touches of pastel on crayon outlines are charming, exotic figures.

Wide variety of subject and handling appear in Henry Koener's work. *Rehearsal of La Boheme* is set in a bold and original design. It shows figures in the orchestra pit with the stage above them abruptly cut off at the top of the paper so that only part of a seated figure appears. Each musician is given definite personality, bodily gesture paralleling mental habit. In quite another vein is the intricately-detailed, yet ably co-ordinated *Bird House* or the decorative figure of a girl knitting. (Midtown, to Mar. 27.)—M.B.

Philadelphia

SCHURR-ROEDERER: A show of oils by two young French artists, whose paintings, related to the sensitive tonalities of Boudin, are, for all their silvery grayness, enriched by the subtle presence of many colors. Claude Schurr is slightly older and perhaps the more mature painter at the moment. He can take a theme to which Utrillo has made prior claim (a Parisian street scene, for example) and is able to interpret it with individuality and distinction. His work breathes serene, pastoral atmospheres; its paint qualities are a quiet delight.

Claude Roederer tends toward heavier, more densely toned pigment, without losing its essential luminosity. All his hues — greens, browns, even reds — have a muted sobriety, and when a color similarity to other artists appears, (as in his *Still Life with Glass*, with the early olives and



Doris Rosenthal: "Resting Boy." At Midtown



Claude Schurr: "Street Scene" In Philadelphia

siennas of Braque) it seems less a borrowing than a parallel. (Galerie de Braux, to Apr. 17). . . . AMERICAN COLOR PRINT SOCIETY: 63 out of 260 entries were chosen for the 15th annual by this group, and they make up a strikingly decorative show dominated by abstract and semi-abstract tendencies. The jury members, Minna Citron, Eugene Feldman and Stewart Wheeler, represent the exhibition's range in their own work here, and among the many highlights are the fluent, interchanging images of Ada Korsakaite and Sister Mary Corita. Prizewinning prints: Robert W. Brown's *Sacred Symbols*, Leonard Edmondson's *Refuge from Fancy*, and Tom Salvatore Fricano's *Man and Goat*. (The Print Club, to Mar. 26.)—S.F.

■ The Edward Winter exhibition advertised in our issue of February 15 at the J. E. Caldwell & Co. in Philadelphia has been postponed to Mar. 15-31.

Alden L. Mason

The music for these rhythmic slabs of paint with which he (from the Northwest, Wash.) makes a landscape or an associative image is a plodding black line which sacrifices its mobility to the percussive insistence of the surrounding planes. As a result, the heavy-handed beat of this, his first one-man show, cannot arouse a balanced pitch of excitement. Attempting modulation a mutation of line and form is incurred, but instead of a tension his larger these is lost in a formless odyssey. (Creative, to March 20.)—S.T.

25th Inaugural Anniversary

Contemporary Arts, a non-profit organization which has sponsored many artists, has gathered together 36 of its painters.

Quite varied in styles, the group tends toward a decorative, semi-abstract approach, marked by excellent technical facility. Good examples of this bent are the works of Joseph Gualtieri, Alf Stromsted and Joe Wolins.

A few in the exhibit are involved in a more non-figurative direction and their paintings depict a more direct and subjective experience. Seeking spontaneous and intuitive control of space through freer use of form and color, the works of Stanley Twardowicz and William Littlefield hold up well, as does Martha Visser's Hooft in her eerie *Somnambulist*. Other competent paintings in this show are by Moscon, Hios, Campbell, Ehrenreich, and a fine drawing by Lunden. (Contemporary Arts, to Mar. 19.)—A.N.

David Leneman

Experimenting with a heavy lacquer which he sprinkles with minute glass beads, this California textile designer has created a kind of velvety surface which refracts light or traps it. The result is optically interesting but cannot dispel the disturbing textile quality of the paintings whose motifs suggest the influence of the artist's commercial designs. His style is elaborately ornamental, even lush. Spiders, birds, people and circuses appear like bits of a Jackson Pollock out of context. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld.)—S.T.

Ted Gilien

It is no surprise to discover that Gilien has done many stage-sets as well as paintings, for his works, with their enormous scale and rhetorical expression are heavily theatrical. In

a series of canvases inspired by the Books of Maccabees, Gilien is at his most typical, with scenes of gigantic figures in turbulent, clashing battles or deaths in lurid moonlight. The bombast of his pictures is at times so straining, that his talents are often better appreciated in such unpretentious and delicately organized works as *Ship* or *The Street*, with their flickering surfaces, intricate cubist planes, and somber hues. (A.A.A., Mar. 22 to Apr. 3.)—R.R.

George Allston

An artist of modest but energetic talents, Allston in his first one man show displays successive phases that have deposited him for the moment in a literal, somewhat stylized movement.

The boldly faceted planes of his early landscapes have given way to a more natural form, but his structural evaluations remain constant.

These are all landscapes whose various interpretations suggest further developments before his statement matures. (Contemporary Arts, to Apr. 2.)—S.T.

Joseph Winters

Recalling Klee and Miró with a highly personalized use of the body image, Winters imbues his little half-human, half-vegetable figures with intense moods of anguish and anxiety, unrelieved by spontaneous wit or gaiety. In this series of watercolors, he makes constant use of the arrow, the cross and the grill to enhance the agony of his image and he often complicates one's comprehension by the incorporation of a code of letters and digits within the anthropomorphic outlines of his unhappy creatures. The more recent work is increasingly formalized, reduced to rigid patterns of color and bold, massive shapes, still bristling with a creepy sub-human form of life. (Artists', Mar. 20-Apr. 8.)—M.S.

Kanelba

Geographical movement has been a vehicle from which Raymond Kanelba frequently alighted to willfully dilute or concentrate himself in the tides of interpretation we call art history. These 20 paintings, from studios in London, Iberia and the continent, show that he can use, or eschew, these tides. His goal is that of combining the literal "humanism" of the human form with his abstract knowledge and sensual delight in his medium. The flowing rhythms created by arabesques and modulated color

sequence, as in *The Burgundy Drinker* and *Fishermen at Sunset*, cannot quite disguise the pervasive undertow of such an approach. A depth of meaning results. However, when the importance of the pictorialized human element is thrust into dominance, as in *Drummer Boy*, it emerges with the cold impersonality of a Gibraltar. Kanelba's avowed intention to pictorialize more strongly will certainly lead into a contemporary dilemma, since he is an expressive painter: the cataract or the cliff. (A.A.A. to Mar. 27.)—J.G.

Creative Group

Certain riches stand out here because they exist amidst examples of indulgent poverty. Ethel Wallington's handsome *Red Wheelbarrow*, rich in selective capacity, is uniquely self-sufficient in the company of James de Martini's scrofulous *Broadway Fragments*, a biliously colored melange of canvas and ligaments of paint laced to wood blocks stuck on the surface. Similarly, the large-scale reticence of Odette de Rich's *Manhattan Docks*, recalling Niles Spencer, is the plastic and psychological antithesis of Fred Hauke's eternal woman, relentless in her anxious sexuality. Herb Hack's *Hollow* has genuine excitement, but lacks finish.

The sculptors, Mario Cooper and Dean Brands, like the rest of the painters, are simply drowned out in the prevailing frenzy. (Creative, Mar. 24.)—S.T.

Ben Isquith

A single color with subtle tonal variations predominates in each of these canvases. The paint is built up to a rich impasto with careful, deliberate strokes which manifest none of the heroics of the impassioned brushwork common in today's abstract painting. Isquith is motivated not by a particular intellectual concept, nor by a need for mysterious emotional communication, but simply by a love of beautiful passages of painting such as he finds in a Tiepolo sky or an area of drapery by Rembrandt. He is a painter's painter in the same sense as Corot, and within the rigorous limitations of his art he achieves paintings that delight and entertain the eye, providing a focus for serene contemplation. (Tanager, to Apr. 1.)—M.S.

Realism and Romanticism

These categories are hardly precise and the artists' general lack of articulation adds to the confusion. Joel

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Digest

Boxer, while something of the *enfant terrible* here, is daring in his effects. Haim Mendelson, plainly a realist, paints with a studiousness and feeling Boxer might observe. Richard Zakin is more brutal than impassioned and William Ekgren's romanticism is actually a neo-mysticism achieved by contour lines or tessellation of his figure pieces. Milos Cundrich's paintings, mainly of boats, are simply without verve. (Gallery East.)—S.T.

Edward Laning

Everyone Cheers is one of Laning's pictures of convulsive, satirical caricature from works devoted to the desperate rigidity of ruined Italian villas. The unbalanced threat of his emotional dichotomy (not Good or Evil, but Evil or Desolate) seems to leave him incapable of pushing into the forms of strong statement. Occasionally in command of impressive controlling elements, as in the abstract framework of *The Attic*, he does not trust such formalized aid. The dozen drawings, besides being studies for many of the nine paintings, often show too artful an attempt to escape into an impersonal renaissance myth, provincially interpreted. His work is evidence of the sensitivity and talent capable of producing a revealing art, rather than a personally revealing exhibition. (Hewitt, to Mar. 27.)—J.G.

Salpeter Group

Heidenreich's watercolors in free-flowing forms of brilliant hues coordinate an inward rhythm with surface movement. They sometimes adumbrate a landscape or a city street, but their appeal lies in the skillful adjustment of color planes. Henry Kallem's caseins are controlled designs: a large, pale tree bole with jutting green leaves divides the picture space sharply in one painting. The mask-life face of a soundly-modeled figure of a girl is animated by contrasting colors of costume and framing masses of dark hair. Irving Lehman's watercolors are fluently brushed in large spatial designs—lighted windows in a city house glimpsed through the cables and structure of a bridge. The relevance of detail to totality of impression is ably maintained even in such intricate scenes as *Home Coming*. Sam Weinik's watercolors of coastal scenes have plangent depths of color as well as sparkling lights. His monotypes, in oil and watercolor, possess richly-pigmented surfaces. (Salpeter, to Mar. 30.)—M.B.

March 15, 1954

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Carlisle Brown

A synthesis of cubist and classical renaissance visions is the basis of style in Carlisle Brown's ink drawings. Mostly thematic studies (countless aspects of bottles, grapes and compotiers analyzed), these meticulously drafted compositions often sparkle with corruscating planes reminiscent of Villon's cubist etchings. On the other hand, there is a basic concern for recession, alternating light and shadow, which finds its counterparts in classical drawings. Particularly graceful is the way Brown suggests the fullness of a bottle, allowing the white of the page to interrupt a carefully articulated line, continuing a contour in its striking negative way. (Viviano, to Mar. 27.)—D.A.

Four-Man Show

Philip Pearlstein's rocks, ravines and mountains are molten, vari-colored solidities engulfed by a steaming flow. Constance Whidden shows relatively naturalistic landscapes painted two years ago, and recent non-figurative oils, all characterized by strong, direct brushwork informed by inner plastic impulses. Jean Cohen's contributions are two cheerful horizontal canvases in red and yellow, and a more somber vertical dominated by black, nun-like configurations. The paintings of Pittsburgher Martin Stein were not available for review. (Tanager.)—S.F.

Paul Bond

In both his casein and oil paintings of coastal and mountain scenes, he seems to express an idea latent in natural forms, rather than in describing them. He has intense visual observation, yet it is obvious that he has seen with his mind also, eliciting the designs inherent in nature, so that while his work is couched in abstract terms, it possesses essential reality.

A night harbor is veiled in shadow only touched by gleams of light; mountain slopes have vividness of greens against a plangent blue of sky. Rolling earth masses, jagged rocks, the thrust of trees are all carefully defined, yet subordinated to the framework of formalized design. An imaginative conception, *Apple Blossoms*, shows clusters of flowers in a lacy filigree that seems to float in the air. (Barzansky, to Mar. 22.)—M.B.

Zalon

A brush and ink line looping with levity around and through forms of overly studious clarinetists and French horn players reaches a hilarious pitch in *Monaghan Unkempt*. More sedate in their gentle appraisal are the wash drawings of plants and the muted lavender and orange gouache, *Grey Shell*. (Cooper, to Apr. 17.)—J.G.

Abe Drosdoff

With disarming simplicity Drosdoff's pictorial eye records quiet figures and gentle landscapes of countries visited. Earlier works have a naive, primitive charm which gives way to more complex and sophisticated renderings. His most mature painting, a panoramic scene, *San Miguel*, shimmers like a jewel under the hot Mexican sun. Intellectual restraint and color understanding are illustrated in his ability to express heat-feeling through low-keyed hues. Though an honest artist, Drosdoff lacks authority and exhibits too soon. (Coeval, to Mar. 20.)—A.N.

Twenty-Second Annual

Competency rather than brilliance or eccentricity keynotes this group ranging from social realism to decorative semi-abstract. There are characteristic examples by such solid professionals as Gregory Prestopino, Joe Solman, Robert Gwathmey, Herman Rose and Philip Evergood.

Another, more restless group finds Sarai Sherman, Lena Gurr, Anthony Toney and Rudolf Brannik consciously concerned with formal properties. Brannik's *Banners* has all but obliterated the subject for the sake of the surface and two-dimensional considerations. Sherman's *Mother and Child* does not cope with its space effectively while Gurr's *Tall Masts* takes it for granted. Toney's impressionism recalls Prendergast. (ACA.)—S.T.

Mary Carchio

She shows a small group of compositions done in the collage manner on natural raw Belgian canvas with jeweler's wire, coins, watch springs, nylon, rope, raffia, postage stamps, screws, wheels, small mussel shells. Her graphic sense reflects the constructivist influence. These different materials are arranged in space by thin colored threads which suggest linear designs, and the rectangular and geometrical forms are playfully built. Paint, thinly and immaculately applied, appears in some sections and others have copper inserts which are divided by triangles interchanged with rectangles. (Perdalma, to Mar. 26.)—L.P.

Malcolm Preston

Bathing his subject in fanciful, tranquil light, Preston invests these paintings with poetic mystery. He simplifies figures, birds and animals attempting to symbolize and transcend their literal aspect. In *The Sacrifice of the Bullock*, the dark shape surrounded by four wan figures summons forth a strange night ritual, while another mood is caught by *Gulls, Masts and Nets* as

three white birds swoop gently through the air in a lyrical sea theme. However, Preston's fantasy is not entirely convincing, for it comes through thinly as if intellectually contrived and lacking in emotional power. (Eggleston, to Mar. 29.)—A.N.

Seven Peruvian Artists

School of Paris influences pervade most of the paintings in this exhibition. The forms of Juan Barreto, E. Goyburu, and R. Sanchez are indebted to Léger and Gris, although their bright decorative color stems from a rich native heritage. Grau's patterns are inventive and varied, stated with the charm of a child's directness; Quisbec Asin's figures are stylized into mural-like friezes. Echoes of Klee are present in César Moro's subtly colored subjective imagery, rendered in crayon and gouache. The outstanding individual in this group is Judith Westphalen, who transcends influences to create a convincing inner world toned in burnt orange, black and hints of gray. (Sudamericana, to Mar. 27.)—S.F.

Morris Shulman

These coastal paintings embody a play of movements in sky, in surf breaking on beaches, on choppy shore waters. The movement is conveyed in a series of violent rhythms that sometimes escape control and straggle over the canvas. In *Comorants' Nesting Ground* the dark forms of the birds bring this agitation into coherent design, which seems to climb upward in fluent masses. *Kelp At Low Tide* is the outstanding canvas; the outspread branches of the kelp woven into a tapestry of sullen reds, enlivened by a slow heaving movement through the whole canvas. (Rehn, to Mar. 27.)—M.B.

Jules Rolshoven

The memorial show of Julius Rolshoven (1858-1930) displays the somewhat faded glory of an artist who attained great fame at the end of the last century. His virtuoso handling of the oil medium, with its lush, quick strokes and dazzling light, speaks of his training under Duvaneck; and his subjects—Indians, fashionable ladies, nudes—are typical of the taste of his time. Often his grandiloquence and bravura technique are amusingly out of sorts with his theme, so that some of his Indians look as though they might almost pass for members of a Sargent society group. His smaller pieces are something of a surprise, often turning to intimate fragments of the Taos landscape, painted with a quiet ele-

gance and a keen sensitivity to tone. (Grand Central, to Mar. 27.)—R.R.

Frederick Sommer

A genuine taste for the surreal and the macabre underwrites the mastery of these photographs by this Italian-born photographer in his first one-man show.

Their impact carries a too credible psychological effect, to be dismissed as fanciful depictions of the grotesque. This decay is too real. Sommer has a literary mind but the "reader" must make out the pattern in terms of his own metaphors.

As opposed to photographers who find their subjects in the "field", Sommer makes his—from bits of old engravings and illustrations, worn, blistered, peeling or punctured surfaces or strange dolls carefully arranged. In this sense he is allied to early photographers who set up still lifes just as a painter would, but Sommer's arrangements meet the tensions of horrible possibility in these times. *Valise d'Adam* and *Die Floten der Ursteige* are so sentimentally archaic as to plumb a racial memory for archetypes — of life, death and decadence.

His "ordinary" photographs are uniformly excellent but rustle uncomfortably like wallflowers at a ritual dance. (Wittenborn, to Mar. 27.)—S.T.

Julie Polshek

One piece, *Hand of God*, by this young sculptress is virtually a comment in itself on the rest of her work which is wanting in the metaphorical capacity and structural solidity of this well-realized statement. (Kottler, Mar. 23 to Apr. 3.)—S.T.

Whitney Hoyt

The artist knives into his surfaces and subjects to give them tension and, in the process, fails to allow them to exercise their own meaning.

In *U. S. Steel* his attempts to invoke an industrial savagery in terms of steel mills abides in the frenetic handling of the paint. The transition of feeling from vision to paint is perhaps too conscious and therefore contrived and compensatory.

His landscapes, however, are highly agreeable resolutions of subject and medium. *Route of the Phoebe Snow* and *Silos* speak well for this better-than-average realist who has still to make the paint say what he wants. (Kraushaar, to Mar. 27.)—S.T.

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Ann Truxell

The exotic pictorial elements of the artist's African surroundings are arranged in decoratively designed paintings with emphasis on flattened forms and repetitive patterns. The dappled application of paint and fluency of contour of the early fauves are visible influences here, but the color has been drained of its intensity by imitating the anti-chromatic effects of the tropical sun. (Hacker, to Apr. 3.)—M.S.

Howard Daum

Still young and searching for style, Daum does not always succeed in presenting a well-coordinated image. He has tried a number of styles, some influenced by Gorky, others by Lam and Picasso. The most effective syntheses he has made are found in *Through the Mirror*, large, many-faceted, with linear intersections, and in *The Beast*, a boldly designed, swinging composition which penetrates more deeply into complex formal problems. (Gallery Urban, to Apr. 3.)—D.A.

Alvin Sandler

The social bias of Sandler's paintings is so strong that one might almost judge them to be works of the 1930s. Typically, his chief interest is in the human figure, heroizing Mexican peasant women or sewer workers in bulky, stylized forms. The triptych *Birth; Towards Freedom; Towards Peace*, with its obvious social allegory, is characteristic of his style and intentions. His color, in general, is subdued, at times attaining distinction, as in the subtly-keyed purples and tans of the quite undidactic *Line Study*. (Teachers' Center, to Mar. 20.)—R.R.

City Center Group

Virtually every contemporary style is in evidence in this exhibition of capable graphic work. This is partially attributable to a five-man jury, wide in its range, and the rest to the diversity of the work submitted from which 90 pieces were selected. With few exceptions it is neither a daring nor brilliant show, but it does invite the observation that today's young graphic artist is more disciplined than his painter brother.

A woodcut, *Camden*, by Johanna Bourne is a work of great merit. Impressive and interesting works by Sylvia Carewe, Josh Fendell, William Larkin, Roy Lichstenstein, William A. Smith, Pierre Terbois, Larry Winston and his mother, Sara Winston provide the bulk of the show's vitality.

This "showcase" gallery is beginning to attract more accomplished talents and this group is sprinkled with such names as John Von Wicht, Hans Jelinek, Harry Sternberg and Seong Moy, (City Center, to Apr. 4.)—S.T.

Gilberta Goodwin

Oils, watercolors and pastels show command of each medium. Color is often rich, but never lavish, apposite to each subject. In the flower pieces the delicate adjustment of tonal patterns is marked. The artist is increasingly dependent on abstraction for the expression of her conceptions. Even when recognizable motives appear, as in *Green Bowl No. 2*, the realism of a handsome still-life is set against a background of abstract patterning. *Green Bowl with Ferns* is completely formalized. In *Andante Con Moto*, a welter of sweeping movement, sails and boats are adumbrated, but their involvement in sharply-angled planes and linear thrusts removes them from realism. (Argent, Mar. 15 to April 3.)—M.B.

Kimber Smith

The very large paintings are made with slashing brushstrokes in a lyrical ecstasy. In a few canvases some details are identifiable—a rushing stream, a mountain ridge, a vestigial bridge—but most of them are emotional translations of nature's moods. The glare and warmth of noonday, the dark development of night, are some of the themes painted in intense contrasted colors. Their effectiveness would be increased, if some focal resolution of colorful details created a sense of structural design. (Peridot, Mar. 15 to April 3.)—M.B.

Kottler Group

Ten painters, displaying varying degrees of skill and a fairly uniform amount of imagination, exhibit small canvases ranging in style from the facile abstractions of Harry Mathes to the sentimental realism of Dorothy Rose's buxom women. (Kottler, Mar. 22 to Apr. 3.)—M.S.

Audrey MacLean

Her humor borders on sarcasm which is retrieved finally by compassion. The common adolescence with which she portrays *Hamlet* is somehow consummated in another gouache as an older but not very much wiser Don Quixote, confining her hilarity to the title *Don Q*. These, however, never get, as paintings, much further than cartoon conceptions, and are then abandoned to the idea as in *Moon Mantis*, a sort of insect Abner Dean. (Wellons.)—S.T.

Paris continued from page 14

later I realized that I was very attached to the painting. That's why I'm trying to redo it, but without success." He spoke to me of his youth spent in the stultifying atmosphere of the Belgian bourgeoisie, his great love for his aunt, his hatred of those critics who never understand an authentic artist, and explain nothing whatever, his attachment for Ostend, his house, his shop, and of his friendship for the Belgian poet, Emile Verhaeren, who was one of the first to write an intelligent book about him. It was easy to imagine the life of this somewhat cowardly man who struggled in his room, whose need to travel was satisfied by his brush and his engraving tools. This was in 1929, the year he was honored by King Albert, and when he witnessed the unveiling of his bust in one of the squares of Ostend, the year in which, also, a large exhibition of his works was held in Brussels on the occasion of the inauguration of the Modern Art Museum of that city. "But I have always lacked something to make me happy," he told me, "I have never found complete satisfaction in either my life or my work!"

It is this perpetual dissatisfaction joined to the boredom of his long journeys around the little bourgeois city, whose streets resounded at times with noisy Sunday bands which drew the riff-raff with the noise of trumpets, it is the gray of the winter

skies, and the weeks, the months of solitude in uneventful ease which cause the artist to invent a fantastic, absurd, grotesque, astounding world which is his healthy critical reaction to the stifling milieu out of which he neither dares nor wishes to adventure. For this timid man will risk anything when he has a brush, a pencil, or even a pen in his hand. Then he is the incarnation of the Flemish soul of Brueghel and Til Ulenspiegel. And that is why Christ being baptised in the Jordan receives a full basin of water on his thighs, that is why when Christ walks majestically on the waves, a man on the beach points at him disrespectfully while another in a top-hat looks on.

Christ's Entry into Brussels is the synthesis and culmination of all these jests. This endless pompous, ridiculous, shouting, tumultuous procession has retained a surprising freshness after 65 years; its life, its freedom of expression, its opposition to all academic influence and to any system make it a remarkable testimonial. Its poetry is just as real as when it was painted. The painter's gesture and the literary era are so intimately connected, so indissoluble that this immense sketch, this daring rough treatment from the last century—which could not be shown when it was painted—remains one of the most astonishing plastic messages of our time.

Church of the Ascension continued from page 11

inent sculptor and architect of the time, Augustus St. Gaudens and Stanford White were both involved in its re-decoration. If the collaboration of three outstanding representatives of the three major arts recalls the glories of Florence or Rome, that is exactly the point. The chancel typifies most poignantly that peculiarly inflated state of self-confidence and grandiloquence which made so many American artists of the late 19th century think that they were participating in the greatest flourishing of the arts since the Renaissance. Stanford White's architectural setting, in its ostensible breadth, stability, and grandeur is meant to reawaken the spirit of Bramante; St. Gaudens' fluttering angels, Donatello; and La Farge's expansive symmetries, the idealized world of the divine Raphael.

It is surely La Farge who most successfully evokes the magnificence of the Renaissance, but perhaps for unsuspected reasons. The spacious figure-groupings, the ample draperies, the supernatural subject are so dependent on the lesson of Raphael that La Farge's great mural might easily have been still-born. Yet it was not. It achieves

a rich visual coherence in the overall coloristic life afforded by the vaporous landscape, inspired, of all things, by La Farge's most un-Raphaellesque trip to Japan and the South Seas with Henry Adams.

Ironically, it is La Farge's modernity—his translation into pictorial terms of the exotic impressions of his Gauguinesque voyage—which gives *The Ascension* a pictorial vitality so convincing that we are almost ready to accept its impoverished repetition of older forms and symbols.

But La Farge's sensibility, like St. Gaudens', was exceptional in that age of gross self-assurance. If we leave the Church of the Ascension and walk South on Fifth Avenue, we will all too soon be treated to the vapid pomp and rhetoric of McKim, Mead, and White's 1895 Washington Arch.

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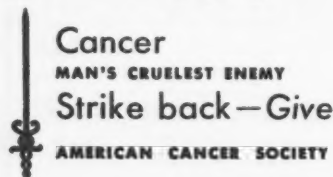
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Indianapolis continued from page 14

tensely disciplined but filled with a strangely personal emotion; to the extravagant and almost surrealistic *Portrait of a Nobleman* by an unidentified Florentine artist (City Art Museum, St. Louis). Primaticcio's *Penelope and Ulysses* (Wildenstein, New York), frigidly calculated and intellectual but also extremely sensuous, spatially ambiguous and inexplicable, provides the background for the important development of mannerism in France. Lelio Orsi's *Noli me tangere* (Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford), with its wind-swept pirouetting figures, its sense of cosmic upheaval and electric shock, its smoky unhealthy color, is impressive in spite of its apparent affectation. In Luca Cambiaso's *Venus and Cupid* (Art Institute, Chicago) there is a morbid richness in the heliotrope flesh areas and smouldering details which almost hurts; while Franco Bassano's *Gethsemane* (Ringling Museum Sarasota) in its small isolated figures, mysterious dark areas, and lightning flashes parallels some of Greco's most individual characteristics. On the other hand, the monumentality and magnificence of the high renaissance reaches a final climax in Tintoretto's *Hercules and Antaeus* (Wadsworth Atheneum), and points the way towards the baroque.

The show is particularly rich in drawings. The *Study of Six Figures* by Bandinelli (Mr. and Mrs. Janos Scholz, New York) shows how the ideals of Michelangelo (who, though unrepresented in the exhibition, was in a sense the first mannerist) were modified and restricted by the new spirit: note how the powerful arms disappear into nothingness. There are excellent drawings by Beccafumi, Rosso, and Tintoretto; della Porta's *Fall of the Giants* (Morgan Library, New York) compresses monumental movement and emotion into a microscopic world, while the continuation

of a tradition of penetrating physical observation is demonstrated by Figino's *Anatomical Studies of An Arm* (Mr. and Mrs. Scholz). Mannerism also involved a sophisticated intellectual play with ideas; these may be symbolic and literary, as in Zuccaro's *Porta Virtutis*, or formal and stylistic, as in the astonishing proto-cubist *Marriage of the Virgin* by Cambiaso (both Mr. and Mrs. Scholz).

Seven paintings by Greco climax the exhibition. Four of these come from the remarkable collection of Dr. and Mrs. G. H. A. Clowes, Indianapolis, which includes three intense half-length apostles of superb quality discovered during the Spanish Civil War in an abandoned church near Guadalajara; the fourth Clowes painting is a head of Christ of remarkably expressive distortion, in which the spectator almost seems to see the work through a veil of tears. *The Charcoal Burner* (Mrs. C. S. Payson, New York) represents an earlier Greco, concerned with genre subject matter and theatrical lighting; the flamboyant Minneapolis *Christ Driving the Money-Changers from the Temple* and the mature Rochester *Vision of St. Hyacinth* complete a remarkable group.

Finally, a word should be said about the frank and successful educational features of the exhibition. The paintings and drawings are hung chronologically, and this makes sense in a show which aims at stylistic definition. Every work in the collection is reproduced in the excellent catalogue. After a succession of shows concentrating on works known to be "sure fire" with the public (either through their popularity or their lack of it), and installations which have aimed above everything else at the decorative, it is a satisfaction to see an exhibition as original in theme and as serious in execution as this one.

London continued from page 14

reliefs to a three-quarter position which at once brought out a number of interesting variations in silhouette and cast shadow. "I wanted to do that on the building itself," said Moore; "change them around at intervals—every three months, say—so that there would always be something different to see. It could have been done, by allowing for a turntable, but for one reason or other—and, of course, the London building regulations come into it—it wasn't done in the long run." A pity, for the model

shows decidedly enhanced possibilities in the change of profile as compared with the flat-on view of the spectator in Bond Street. Small cases contain a number of Moore's figurines. "I like this way of collecting little things together," he observed. "When I was in America I acquired I should think about forty pieces of pre-Columbian sculpture—one was a present from Diego Rivera—I'm not what you'd call a collector but I like to see them grouped in a case similar to this." The figurines well illustrate

Moore's capacity for working on any scale, "domestic" as well as monumental.

Charles Ginner (1878-1952)

The English post-impressionists who formed themselves into a body in the Camden Town Group (1911) deserve to be better known: and among them Charles Ginner, whose work is just now collected at the Tate Gallery has a distinguished place, as a painter with his own adaptation of Van Gogh's method (that turned into a personal style) and, not least, as a painter of the London scene.

Ginner, son of an English doctor, was born at Cannes, studied architecture in Paris, settled in London in 1910, consorting with such kindred spirits as Walter Sickert, Lucien Pissarro, son of the impressionist, and Spencer Gore. Following Van Gogh, he began to paint with thick pigment applied in mosaic-like touches. His early training in architecture gave him a fondness for street scenes; he extracted pictorial interest from shabby byways and the curious yellow-gray of London bricks, of which he liked to make endless patterns. At his worst he was tidy—his neat brickwork in another category from Van Gogh's passionate impasto. At his best, however, he achieved richness of colour and design; even the Albert Memorial became subdued to the overriding purpose of his picture-mosaic and in his contemplation of one of those dreary features of wartime London, the emergency water-tank, he showed a stoicism one cannot lightly dismiss.

Ginner was never a fashionable artist and the "neo-realism" (to use his own term) to which he doggedly clung, is scarcely a fashionable doctrine ("Neo-Realism," he defined, "means intimate study of nature, deliberate objective transposition,

good craftsmanship and a love of the medium"). But certain of his pictures, like his views of Flask Walk, Hampstead, are likely to have an almost architectural permanence.

People become collectors in various ways. The Hon. Mrs. Pleydell Bouverie, whose fine collection of French nineteenth-century paintings is now on view at the Tate Gallery, began after a visit to the United States. "I believe," she says, "it was after seeing the impressionists at the Art Institute of Chicago in 1927 that I first fell in love with that school of painting, although I had seen them many times before in Paris and London." Sales in London during the war offered their opportunities. At one she saw Degas' *Repasseuse*, a portrait of his son by Monet, and a Lautrec. "I took a deep breath and bought all three." The total result is one of the best private collections in England of the Impressionist school. Should a public gallery sell? seems to be the main question of general interest remaining from the recent controversy as to the Tate Gallery's handling of its various bequests and funds. There are two possible views: one is that if you go to see a Renoir and find that a Matisse and a Picasso have been substituted for it and bought with the proceeds of its sale, you may be justly critical of the permanence of a "permanent" collection. On the other hand, it may be argued that the opportunity to make a modern gallery more representative of modern art by judiciously altering the representation of individual artists should be taken as it offers itself. No decisive conclusion seems to have been generally reached though there is in some quarters a feeling that a gallery should "stay put." A new Renoir at the Tate, a small landscape painted in Jersey, has not entirely allayed regret for the disappearance of *Nu dans l'Eau*.

Coast-To-Coast Notes

More New Met Galleries

Seventeen more new galleries have opened at the Metropolitan Museum, making available to visitors 1700 medieval and Renaissance works, many of which have long languished in dead storage for lack of space in which to exhibit them. Five galleries are devoted to the medieval period, ranging from early Christian art to the Renaissance, from which the exhibition continues an unbroken record of European culture through the 17th century.

Forthcoming New Jersey Show

The Silo, an art gallery and gift shop combined, at Craftsman Farms, Morris Plains, New Jersey, off Route 10, will be the setting of a second annual exhibition for New Jersey artists opening May 3. Mrs. Phyllis Farney, gallery director, has announced entry dates from April 1 to 20 in oil, water color and graphic media. Cash

prizes consist of a grand prize, a first prize in each category and five honorable mentions.

Margaretta Salinger, research curator at the Metropolitan Museum; Olive Riley, director of art, board of education, New York; Joan Daves, art book editor, and Sam Hunter, feature editor of ART DIGEST, comprise the jury of selection and awards.

Indigenous American Art

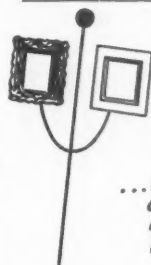
A large group of paintings from the Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch Collection of Early American Paintings, comprising more than 1500 works in oil, watercolor and other media, will be acquired by the National Gallery of Art, Washington, this spring. Their first exhibition will be May 9 and continue for two months. It will be confined to oil paintings and will include more than 100 portraits, still lifes, landscapes and genre paintings. Other exhibitions will be scheduled later, each devoted to its own category.

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Renoir continued from page 16

Despite that painting's splendor, it is almost a virtuoso's *tour de force*.

Against the memory of that picture in which can be discerned not only Ingres, but the Venetians, Watteau, Fragonard, Rubens, turn now to the *Reclining Nude* of 1902. All those influences have here been merged. Renoir is wholly himself. He has become not only master of his brush but of his soul.

When I contemplate a work of the creative imagination—be it Shakespeare or Spenser, Matisse or Mantegna—I often recall both Aristotle's statement that art is "the expression of the general through the particular" and Michaelangelo's definition of art as the "expurgation of superfluities." Apply these tests to the two

canvases I am discussing. The later one has the very quintessence of what has made Renoir the favorite of the masses as well as of connoisseurs. His nude is not a model. She is Eve.

She reminds us of no lusty Rubens ladies, less of saccharine nymphs, goddesses and nudes of the Renaissance, has nothing of figures by the perfectionist Ingres or of a Degas wench towelling her back. Renoir, eliminating superfluities, gives us the embodiment of young blossoming womanhood bathed in an opalescent landscape. The eye is lured over every inch of the picture.

Turn last of all to the *Woman with Mandolin*, painted in the very year of Renoir's death. This exhibition proves that Renoir never faltered.

Magritte continued from page 16

words evokes four images, which, taken together, are as baffling and illogical as a dream. Yet it is even more jarring to realize that, if we have learned Magritte's lesson well, there is no reason to think that these words have anything at all to do with the conventional images they call to mind, and that their meaning must thus be concealed forever. Or do they mean nothing but themselves alone, divorced from corresponding images?

Once the foundations of our everyday logic are so convincingly shaken, there is no reason to accept Magritte's substitutes either. They are just as susceptible to foolish and erroneous conventions as our own dictionaries, and that, of course, is quite to Magritte's point, too.

Viewed only as an intellectual exercise, Magritte's propositions would be intriguing enough in their alarming logic and multiple layers of suggestion. Yet they are equally fascinating on more visual terms. He paints his

objects with utter detachment and matter-of-factness, but the objects themselves and the relationships between them are every bit as strange as his new principles of vocabulary and syntax. If his forms, in general, cast shadows and take their places within a rational spatial framework, they have nevertheless nothing in common with any forms we have ever seen before. And if we have all seen a hat before, we have not often seen one floating beside an egg. Magritte's compositional schemes are of the simplest kind, but all the more effective for it. The lucidity and straightforwardness of his organization is not only striking visually; it enforces the disarming simplicity of his attack on basic principles of common sense.

Leaving the show, it is almost a relief to be back in a familiar world. Yet Magritte's lesson is so potent that, if properly learned, we will never take this familiar world quite so for granted again.

Tamayo continued from page 17

lights, moon-signs and star-signs, wedded to his figures by fragile geometries of line and plane. His figures seemed, in the words of a modern poet, to be "Whirled in a vortex that shall bring/The world to that destructive fire/Which burns before the ice-cap reigns."

These little allegories of cosmic disaster continue in Tamayo's newest work. The paintings in his current show at Knoedler's (through March 20) are getting more and more remote from their old sources, both in life and art, in favor of a private mysticism. Tamayo's ice-cap now takes the form of a never-never land of abstract color exercises, synchromist style, with moral overtones thrown in. If Man were writ large on some

of his cowering shadows, and World were annotated to the exploding balls of colored light in these paintings, the allegory of disintegration wouldn't be more explicit.

At the same time that he has expanded his pictorial universe, Tamayo has concentrated his figures. They have the look of transparent plastic constructions, though a bit fuzzy, or of totems, rather like Wifredo Lam's. Gone as a result is much of the animal grace, the particularity and the expressive power of his imagery—victims, one must suppose, of scare headlines and private metaphysics. In among the cosmic ruins all that is left of Tamayo's earlier manner are his fine, seductive colors, a bit disembodied—

the hot persimmon-reds, set against lilacs and violet-blacks of *Voluptuous Woman*, for example.

One item alone leads us to hope that Tamayo isn't utterly prostrate before his preternatural visions. *Wounded Beast*, painted this year, is a happy throwback to the Museum of Modern Art painting. It dominates its molten landscape as vividly as does Rousseau's triumphant lion in

Who's News

Fifty works by William R. Leigh, Associate of the National Academy and once voted "the outstanding American painter of 1950-51" by a New York group, will be shown through March 31 at the Washington County Museum of Fine Arts, Hagerstown, Md.

At Caravan Gallery's Silver Jubilee exhibition, entitled *A Quarter Century of Painting*, the first prize of \$75 went to Matsumi Karemitsu. Second and third prizes were won by Lena Gurr and Marc Heine respectively. There were five honorable mentions: Haim Mendelson, Sylvia Bernstein, Leon Burch, Helen Gera-

The Sleeping Gypsy. Tamayo's is an undomesticated, non-chivalric beast, unlike Rousseau's, whose forefathers slumbered on Romanesque capitals and later decorated courtly medieval tapestries. Non-European culture and un-Christian demonology produced it. And it has that curious combination of cruelty and grace which, more than his seductive Paris palette, has been the source of Tamayo's vitality.

dia, and Jan Doubrova. The judges were Will Barnett, Russell Cowles and Theodore Brenson. Fifty-four artists entered 100 paintings, of which 58 will be shown through March 25.

Edwin L. M. Taggart, formerly on the staffs of the Metropolitan and Brooklyn Museums, has accepted the directorship of the Hermitage Foundation Museum in Norfolk, Va.

Auction Calendar

March 19 & 20, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Sale of French 18th century furniture and objects of art. Chased gold and enamel marriage tazzas, gold and enamel snuff boxes, old English and continental porcelains, from the property of a Paris private collector and other owners, and the estate of the late Stella S. Housman, New York, sold by order of the executors. Exhibition from March 13.

March 23, 1:45 & 8 P.M. & March 24, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Sale of English and American first editions and other books, including a presentation copy of Mrs. Henry Wood's "East Lynne" (London 1861); the first English Boccaccio's "Decameron"; Daniel Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" (London, 1719-20), once owned by William Congreve; 40 lots of Dickens items, including the very rare "Sketches by Boz" (London, 1837-39), in 20 parts. From the collection of Jean Hersholt, Beverly Hills, California. Exhibition from March 11.

March 24, 8 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Sale of old masters and 19th century paintings, including works by Antonio Moro, Van Dyck, Isenbrant, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Henry Raeburn and others. From the property of Mrs. Thomas E. Kelly and other owners and the estate of the late Mrs. Beverley Bogart, sold by the order of the legatees. Exhibition from March 20.

March 27, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Sale of choice Georgian furniture and decorations, silver, English porcelains, Chippendale, Sheraton and other Georgian and Regency furniture. From various English collections and other sources, sold by the order of M. Comer of London, Inc. Exhibitions from March 20.

March 31 & April 1, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Sale of Jewish ritual silver and other Hebraica from the collection of Mrs. Rebecca Davidowitz, New York. Exhibition from March 20.



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Prints by Dore Ashton

Progress Report—Onwards and Upwards

Since prints are so often treated like step-children, print enthusiasts are always defensively gratified to discover the tables turned.

At the recent Young Printmakers exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, for example, a record-breaking total of 341 prints were sold. Furthermore, the best-sellers were not in the cheapest range, but rather in the middle-to-high price category. Other statistics from the show: prints were purchased by four other museums and the exhibition requested by three. From questionnaires filled out by almost all the 110 participants it appears that less than 20 consider themselves exclusively printmakers. Many of them worked in university graphic workshops while students, and a number are still located at such centers as Iowa, Illinois and Indiana.

From Cincinnati comes word that print collecting may be on the wane in New York but it's going strong in Ohio. From the last International Exhibition of Lithography more than 150 prints were sold, and many more from the circulating show in Europe.

The Philadelphia Print Club, one of the most progressive print organizations in the country, sells close to \$1,000 worth of prints a year, holds about 15 important exhibitions and circulates about 19 to other organizations abroad. In an exhibition of 78 prints by 26 younger American artists circulating in Sweden, already 32 prints have been sold, 12 to the National Museum.

New York Library Collects

Without much fanfare the New York Public Library has steadily in-

creased its print collection, making it one of the most important print sources in the city. A modest title, "Print Show", covers a distinguished exhibition of 100 recent additions. The show, on view through May, ranges from the 15th to 20th centuries, includes a large section of current American work, and offers a number of unusual prints.

Although Karl Kup, curator of prints, points out that since the library must service diverse researchers, much secondary ornamental or historical material is acquired, the total impression of the present exhibition is that of a prevailing interest in high esthetic standards. Most of the prints on view are works of art first and only incidentally reference material.

A small extremely rare bookplate, made for the Carthusian Monastery of Buxheim around 1470 is the earliest print here. Titian's rare *Triumph of Faith*, a large horizontal processional cut in typical Italian rhythms, is the important representative of the 16th century.

Japan is represented with examples from the 18th century to the present; Germany with several prints, including an engaging etching by Paula Modersohn-Becker, whose prints are scarcely known here; France with work by Bonnard, Zao Wou Ki, André Minaux and Picasso.

In the American section, Ben-Zion's etchings from his series of prophets are shown for the first time, along with works by Robert Marx, Rico LeBrun, Raymond Jordan, Arthur Deshaies, Gabor Peterdi and others.

Paula Modersohn-Becker: "Old Woman with Goose"



Calendar of Exhibitions

AKRON, OHIO
Institute To Mar. 28: Sironi-Marini; Design from Britain.

ALBANY, N. Y.
Institute Mar.: N. Y. Art Faculties.

ATHENS, GA.
Museum Mar.: K. Fortess.

BALTIMORE, MD.
Museum Mar.: Design in Scandinavia.

BEVERLY HILLS, CAL.
Frank Perls To Apr. 3: R. Chuey.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
Museum To Apr. 3: L. Dodd; American-French.

BOSTON, MASS.
Brown To Mar. 27: M. Morgan.
Childs Prints, Pigs.
Doll & Richards To Mar. 27: G. Collier; Mar. 29-Apr. 10: W. Haseltine.
Institute To Apr. 4: G. Ponti; G. Kepes.
Mirski Mar. 17-Apr. 7: J. Tock.
Museum Mar. 19-Apr. 27: True or False?

SHORE Studio Cont. Pigs.
Yost To Mar. 27: Whitaker; Mar. 29-Apr. 17: Jonniaux.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
Albright To Apr. 4: Western N. Y. Artists Ann'l.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.
Hunter Gallery To Mar. 22: Amer. Pigs.; To Apr. 4: The Crystal Palace.

CHICAGO, ILL.
Arts Club Mar.: Tchelitchew; Leonid.
Chicago Galleries To Apr. 4: F. Dudley.
Franklin To Mar. 28: Younger Artists.
Holmes To Apr. 2: A. Baker, R. Anderson.
Hohenberg Mar.: M. Z. Greene.
Institute Mar.: R. O. Pozzatti.
Lawson To Mar. 4: F. Chapin.
Mandel Mar.: T. S. Franco; J. Gilbert; L. Leighton; J. Richardson.
Nelson To Apr. 5: R. Helman.
N. Brown To Mar. 19: A. E. Henselmann; Mar. 20-Apr. 9: E. Betts.
Oehlschlaeger Mar.: R. Pricert.
Refelson Mar.: Prints.

CINCINNATI, OHIO
Museum Mar.: Niles Spencer Memorial.

CLEARWATER, FLA.
Art Center To Apr. 3: Cont. Art Annual.

CLEVELAND, OHIO
Museum Mar. 17-Apr. 14: M. Karasz; Textiles; Dallas Pts. Nat'l.
Art Colony To Apr. 3: J. Rood; N. Sloan.

COCONUT GROVE, FLA.
Mirall Gallery Mar. 21-Apr. 3: J. Roshak.

COLUMBIA, S. C.
Museum To Mar. 28: W. Halsey; C. McCallum.

CORNING, N. Y.
Museum To Apr. 5: Stained Glass.

DALLAS, TEX.
Museum Mar. 21-Apr. 18: Amer. Impressionism.

DAVENPORT, IOWA
Municipal Gallery To Apr. 4: Mid-Century Fr. Pigs.

DELRAY BEACH, FLA.
Mayo Hill To Apr. 15: 10 Americans.

DETROIT, MICH.
Institute To Apr. 11: Mich. Artist-Craftsmen.

GREAT NECK, N. Y.
Art Market Mar. 22-Apr. 10: F. R. Ferriman.

GREENVILLE, N. C.
Art Center To Apr. 5: R. Trotter.

GREEN BAY, WISC.
Neville Museum Mar.: D. Cogswell; I. Mac Iver.

HAGERSTOWN, MD.
Museum To Mar. 31: W. R. Leigh.

HARTFORD, CONN.
Alhambra To Apr. 25: Story of Medicine in Art.

HOUSTON, TEX.
Cont. Arts Museum To Apr. 4: Ceramics.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
Museum Mar. 27-Apr. 25: P. Gauguin.

KANSAS CITY, MO.
Nelson Gallery To Mar. 29: Mid-America Annual.

KEY WEST, FLA.
Art Society Mar. 16-Apr. 1: V. Boriello.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.
Conte Mar.: E. Seago.
Huffield Mar. 22-Apr. 9: P. Sicard.
Univ. Galleries Mar. 19-Apr. 26: Sheeler.

LOUISVILLE, KY.
Speed Museum Mar. 15-Apr. 5: A. Schweitzer.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Institute Mar. 26-Apr. 22: Wis. Painters and Sculptors Ann'l.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Institute To Apr. 11: Japanese Pts.
Walker Center Mar.: B. Arnest; 10 Watercolorists.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.
Museum To Apr. 18: Rites and Revelry.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Delgado Museum Mar. 21-Apr. 11: 53rd Spring Annual.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
Museum (Eastern Pkwy) To Apr. 5: Brooklyn Society of Artists; Prints.
City of N. Y. (5th at 103) To Mar. 30: Columbia University, 1754-1954.
Guggenheim (5th at 88) To Apr. 24: Younger European Painters; New Acquisitions.
Jewish (5th at 92) To Mar. 31: Meyer S. Lieberman; To Apr. 4: Abbo Ostrowsky Collection.
Metropolitan (5th at 82) To Apr. 11: Pre-Hispanic Goldsmiths' Work; Mar. 26-May 23: Sargent, Whistler, Mary Cassatt.
Modern (11 W 53) To Mar. 21: Ancient Arts of the Andes; To May 2: Street Scene.
Nat'l Academy (5th at 89) Apr. 1-25: 129th Annual.
Riverside (310 Riv. Dr. at 103) To Mar. 28: American Abstract Artists.
Whitney (10 W 8) Mar. 17-Apr. 18: 1954 Annual-Sculpture, Watercolors, Drawings.
Galleries
A.A.A. (711 5th at 55) To Mar. 20: P. Smith; R. Kanelba; Mar. 22-Apr. 3: T. Gillen.
A.C.A. (43 E 57) To Mar. 20: Refregier; Mar. 15-Apr. 3: A. Toney.
Alan (32 E 45) To Mar. 20: C. Oscar; J. Squier; Mar. 23-Apr. 17: J. Kinigstein.
Argent (67 E 59) Mar. 15-Apr. 3: G. Goodwin.
Art Directors Club (115 E 40) Mar. 22-Apr. 2: L. Beall.
Artisans (32 W 58) Mar. 20-31: S. Grudin.
Artists' (851 Lex. at 64) Mar. 20-Apr. 8: J. Winter.
A.S.L. (215 W 57) To June 1: Student Concours.
Babcock (38 E 57) To Mar. 26: Amer. Pigs.
Barbizon-Plaza (58th & 6th) To Mar. 21: L. Liberts; Mar. 27-Apr. 10: N. Y. Soc. of Craftsmen.
Barnes (644 Mad. at 61) To Mar. 22: P. Bond.
Borgenicht (61 E 57) To Mar. 27: L. Gatch; Mar. 29-Apr. 17: M. Avery.
Cadby-Birch (21 E 63) To Apr. 17: V. Da Silva.
Caravan (132 E 45) To Mar. 26: Silver Anniversary.
Carlebach (937 3rd) Mar.: Peruvian Art.
Carstairs (11 E 57) To Mar. 27: Rouault; Mar. 30-Apr. 17: Assia.
Chapellier (48 E 57) Mar.: Fr. & Amer.
City Center (131 W 55) To Apr. 4: Prints.
Coval (100 W 56) To Mar. 20: A. Drosdoff; Mar. 22-Apr. 3: Regulars.
Contemporary Arts (106 E 57) Mar. 15-Apr. 2: G. Alliston; Mar. 29-Apr. 16: M. Jones.
Cooper (313 W 53) Mar. 20-Apr. 17: A. Zelon.
Copain (1st at 50) Mar. 10-Apr. 10: Ward Jackson.
Coronet (106 E 40) Mar. 21-Apr. 3: J. de Ruth, C. Aliotti.
Creative (108 W 56) To Mar. 20: A. Mason; Mar.: Group.
Crespi (205 E 58) To Mar. 20: N. Morgan; Mar. 22-Apr. 3: Group.
Davis (231 E 40) To Mar. 27: M. Shatzkin; Mar. 29-Apr. 17: D. Levine.
Downtown (32 E 51) To Mar. 27: S. Davis; Mar. 30-Apr. 24: Demuth, Dove.
Durlacher (11 E 57) To Apr. 3: H. Bloom.
Duveen (18 E 79) Mar.: Old Masters.
Egan (46 E 57) Mar. 15-Apr. 15: J. Tworok.
Eggleston (969 Mad. at 76) Mar. 15-27: M. Preston; Mar. 22-Apr. 3: L. Littell.
Eighth St. (33 W 8) To Mar. 21: Oils; Mar. 22-Apr. 4: C. Livingston.
Feigl (601 Mad.) Mar.: Amer. & Europ.
Ferragil (19 E 55) Contact F. N. Price.
Fine Arts Assoc. (41 E 57) Fr. Pigs.
Fried (6 E 65) To Mar. 27: Glanier, Vantongerloo.
Friedman (20 E 49) Mar.: E. J. Keats.
Galerie Chalette (45 W 57) Mar. 16-Apr. 10: Braque.
Gallery East (7 Ave. A) To Mar. 31: 3-Man. Pigs. Sculp. Drwgs.
Gallery 47A (47 Ave. A) To Mar. 27: G. Mitchell.
Galerie Moderne (49 W 53) Mar.: Group.
Galerie St. Etienne (46 W 57) Mar.: C. Armet; Apr.: Par Krogh.
Gallery 75 (30 E 75) To Mar. 31: M. Stoianovich.
Galerie Sudamericana (846 Lex.) To Mar. 27: 7 Artists from Peru.
Ganso (125 E 57) To Mar. 27: B. Currie; Mar. 29-Apr. 17: K. Fortess.
Graham & Sons (514 Mad.) To Mar. 31: "Selections from a Dealer's Choice."

Grand Central (15 Vand. at 42) To Mar. 27: J. Rolshoven; Mar. 23-Apr. 3: L. Jambor; H. Silverman.

Grand Central Moderns (120 E 57) To Mar. 26: G. Morrison; Mar. 27-Apr. 16: V. Candell.

Hacker (24 W 58) To Apr. 3: A. Troxell.

Hammer (51 E 57) Mar.: Corbellini.

Hansa (70 E 12) To Mar. 20: J. Follett; Mar. 22-Apr. 3: J. Muller.

Hartert (22 E 58) Fr. & Amer.

Heller (63 E 57) To Mar. 27: R. Lichtenstein; Mar. 29-Apr. 17: A. Redein.

Hewitt (18 E 69) To Mar. 27: E. Lanning.

Hirsh & Adler (270 Park at 47) Amer. Pigs.

Jackson (22 E 46) To Mar. 27: New Talent; Mar. 31-Apr. 24: Gorky 1929-39.

Jacobi (46 W 52) To Mar. 27: Gutemanno-Benno.

Janis (15 E 57) To Mar. 20: Magritte; Mar. 22-May 1: Futurism: 1910-14.

Karlis (28 E 40) Cont. Art.

Karnig (19 W 62) To Mar. 20: S. Schames; Mar. 24-Apr. 10: M. E. Case.

Kaufmann (Lex. at 92) Mar. 20-Apr. 4: YHMA 80th Anniversary.

Kennedy (785 5th at 59) Mar.: D. Shepherd.

Knoedler (14 E 57) To Mar. 21: Tamayo; Mar. 22-Apr. 10: "The Passion of Christ"; Mar. 22-Apr. 6: "Americans Abroad"; Mar. 15-Apr. 10: E. Bernman Stage Sets.

Kolean (42 W 57) Mar.: Cont. Pigs.

Koortz (600 Mad. at 57) Mar. 15-Apr. 3: G. Mathieu.

Korman (835 Mad. at 69) To Mar. 27: P. Adams.

Kotler (108 E 57) To Mar. 20: O. Bohannon; L. Beer; Mar. 22-Apr. 3: Group.

Kraushaar (32 E 57) To Mar. 27: W. Hoyt; Mar. 29-Apr. 17: J. Penney.

Lilliput (231 W. Elitz.) Sun. & Wed. 3-7: Woodman Retro. To Mar. 31.

Lucas (13 E 28) Prints, Maps.

Malisse (41 E 57) Fr. Mod.

Matrix (26 St. Marks Pl.) Mar. 16-Apr. 3: W. Dong.

Midtown (17 E 57) To Mar. 27: "Good Drawing."

Milch (55 E 57) To Mar. 27: J. Robinson.

Nat'l Arts Club (15 Gram. Pk.) Mar. 15-31: K. L. Wolfe Club.

New Art Circle (41 E 57) Mod. Pigs.

New (401 Mad. at 57) Mar. 15-Apr. 3: J. Rood, sculp.

Niveau (962 Mad. at 76) Fr. Pigs.

Parsons (15 E 57) To Mar. 27: W. Murch; Mar. 29-Apr. 17: M. Liebman.

Passedotti (121 E 57) To Mar. 27: S. Holzman.

Per & Brush (16 E 10) To Mar. 30: Oils.

Perdalm (110 E 57) To Mar. 31: M. Carcho.

Peridot (820 Mad. at 68) Mar. 15-Apr. 3: K. Smith.

Perls (32 E 58) To Apr. 10: Mod. Fr. Pigs.

Portraits (136 E 57) Mar.: Cont. Portraits.

Raf (683 5th at 54) To Mar. 27: M. Shulman; Mar. 29-Apr. 17: G. Picken.

Roko (51 Grwch) To Mar. 31: New Pigs & Sculp.

Rosenberg (20 E 79) To Apr. 3: "The Last Twenty Years of Renoir's Life."

Rosenthal (B'way at 13) Mar. 22-Apr. 3: W. Snell.

Saidenberg (10 E 77) To Apr. 26: P. Klee.

Salmagundi (47 5th) To Mar. 26: M. Salpeter (42 E 57) To Mar. 20: Wcols; Mar. 29-Apr. 17: D. Sauer.

B. Schaefer (32 E 57) Mar. 22-Apr. 17: K. Armitage.

Sculpture Center (167 E 49) Mar. 7-Apr. 15: Recent Work.

Segy (708 Lex. at 57) To Mar. 26: African Sculp.

Seligmann (5 E 57) Fr. & Amer.

Serigraph (58 W 57) To Apr. 20: 15th Annual International.

Stable (924 7th at 58) Mar. 15-Apr. 3: J. Graham; John Ferren.

Tanager (90 E 10) To Apr. 1: B. Isquith.

The Contemporaries (959 Mad. at 75) Mar. 15-Apr. 1: Hasekawa.

Tibor de Nagy (206 E 53) To Mar. 20: R. Goodnough; Mar. 23-Apr. 10: J. Freilicher.

Town (26 W 8) Mar.: Prints.

Urban (234 E 58) To Apr. 3: T. Heima.

Valentin (32 E 57) To Mar. 20: Arp; Mar. 23-Apr. 17: A. Rodin.

Van Diemen-Lilienfeld (21 E 57) Mod. Pigs.

Village Center (44 W 11) To Mar. 26: Prizewinners, oils.

Viviano (42 E 57) To Mar. 27: C. Brown.

Walker (117 E 57) Mar.: Fr. & Amer.

Wallons (70 E 56) Mar. 15-27: L. & A. Gross; Mar. 29-Apr. 10: H. Black.

Wayhe (794 Lex. at 61) Cont. Art.

Wildenstein (19 E 44) To Mar. 20: Chaplain-Midy; Mar. 24-Apr. 17: B. Lorjou.

Willard (23 W 56) To Mar. 27: J. Baxter, sculp; Mar. 30-Apr. 24: M. Graves.

Wittenborn (38 E 57) To Mar. 27: F. Sommer.

NORWALK, CONN.
Silvermine Guild To Apr. 9: S. Brody, L. Glessmann, A. Ludwig, J. Maisel, W. Wondriska.

OAKLAND, CAL.
Gallery To Apr. 4: Oils & Sculp.

OMAHA, NEBR.
Joslyn Museum To Mar. 28: The Arts & Omaha, 1854-1954.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Academy To Apr. 11: Fellowship Ann'l; To Apr. 4: P. & E. Miller.
Alliance To Apr. 4: J. P. Brusset, wcols.; Cont. Phila. sculp.; Gavarni; To Apr. 11: L. Thomas, driftwood; M. Kohn, prts.
Coleman To Apr. 3: A. Music.

de Baux To Apr. 17: C. Schurr, C. Roederer.

Donovan To Mar. 20: B. Phillips, C. Wright.

Dubin To Mar. 23: J. Piper; Mar. 24-Apr. 13: R. Brady.

Hendler Mar.: L. R. Sander.

Little Mar.: Phila. Artists.

Lush To Mar. 27: S. & H. Freid.

Print Club To Mar. 26: Am. Color Print Annual.

Schurz Foundation Mar.: J. von Wicht.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.
Barkshire Museum Mar.: Jewish Anniv.

PORTLAND, ORE.
Museum To Apr. 7: Great Horn Spoons.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
3 Arts Mar.: S. Carewe.

READING, PA.
Museum To Apr. 4: Phila. Color Prt. Society 14th Annual.

RICHMOND, VA.
Museum To Mar. 21: Audubon; Mar. 25-Apr. 25: "On the Inside."

ROCKPORT, MASS.
Art Assoc. From Mar. 21: E. B. Warren, T. Lindenmuth.

ST. LOUIS, MO.
Museum To Mar. 29: St. Louis Society of Artists; Engravings & Mezzotints.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.
Witte Museum To Mar. 21: C. Casabier, T. Benrimo, Toulouse-Lautrec; Mar. 28-Apr. 11: J. G. Smith, D. Lutz.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.
Gallery Mar.: San Diego Art Guild.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Cal. Arts To Apr. 9: Bay Area Artists.
Cal. Palace Mar.: Wit & Humor.
De Young To Mar. 21: W. Felt.
Museum To Mar. 21: W. Werner; To Mar. 28: Art Assoc. Ann'l.
Rotunda Mar. 20-Apr. 19: Pacific Coast Textile Ann'l.
Studio 44 Mar.: N. Penkin.

SARASOTA, FLA.
Ringing Museum Mar.: Assoc. Annual of Circus Pigs.

SEATTLE, WASH.
Museum Mar. 11-Apr. 4: Northwest Primakers Annual: 1953 Accessions.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
Art Center Mar.: Iowa Art Guild.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
Museum To Apr. 4: Academic Artists'.
Smith Museum To Mar. 28: Art League.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.
Museum To Apr. 4: 2nd Regional.

TACOMA, WASH.
Art League To Apr. 4: Smith College Coll.

TAMPA, FLA.
Municipal Gallery To Mar. 30: R. Arthur.

TOLEDO, OHIO
Museum To Apr. 30: Van Gogh.

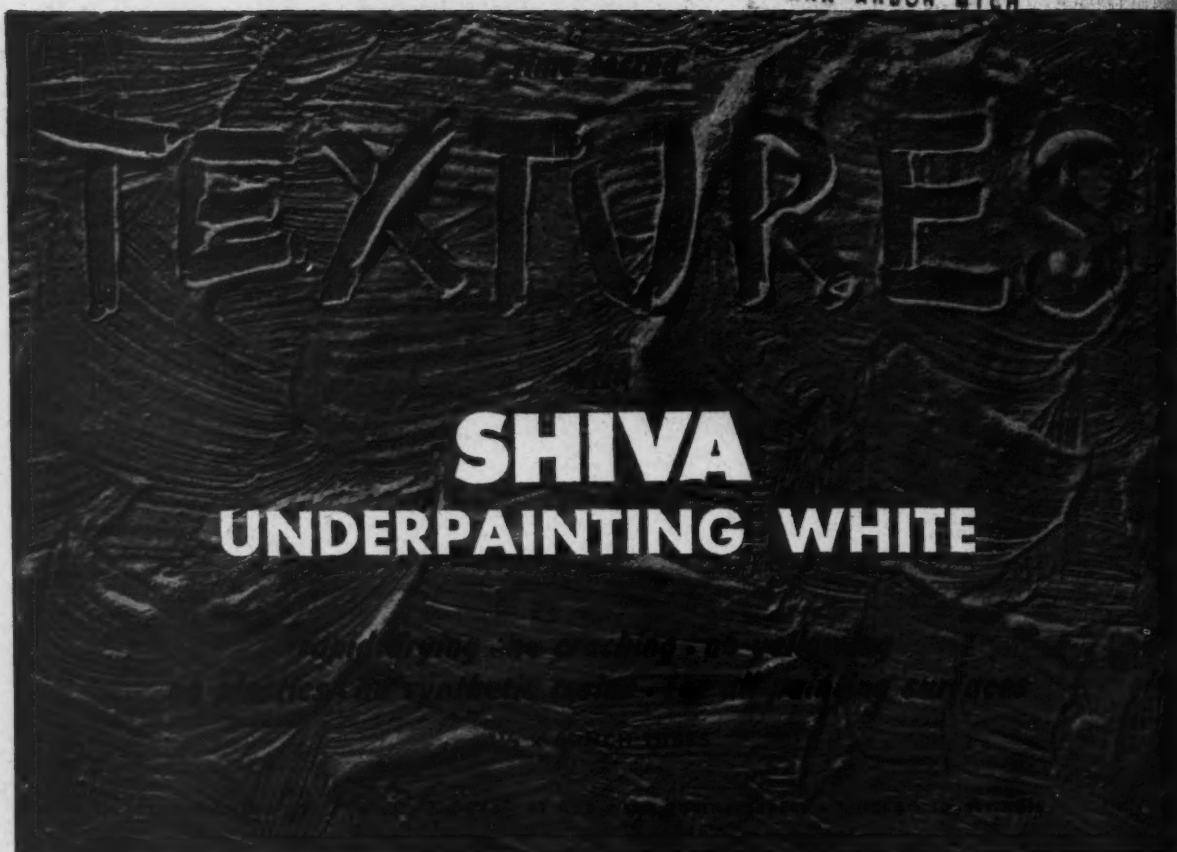
TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA
Gallery To Mar. 28: Ontario Society of Artists; Mar. 26-Apr. 25: P. Clark, C. Schaefer.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Corcoran To Mar. 21: L. T. Heller Coll.; To Apr. 18: M. Jamieson.
Phillips To Apr. 6: G. Sutherland, H. Moore.
National Gallery Mar.: Bonnard, Vuillard, M. Denis, prts.
Smithsonian To Mar. 28: M. Anvniel.
Wash. Univ. Mar.: Ethiopian ptns.
Watkins To Mar. 21: Primitive sculp.

WESTBURY, CONN.
Country Art To Apr. 10: D. Howell, paper making; Cont. artists.

WESTPORT, CONN.
Kipnis Gallery Mar. 21-Apr. 7: Wadsworth Athenaeum Loan.

WORCESTER, MASS.
Museum To Mar. 28: Worcester County.



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